Careful Cullings For Children

Rev. AND Mrs. L. L. PICKETT

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Hrn. Ed. Bindels

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BY

REV. AND MRS. L. L. PICKETT.

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JUST FOR CHILDREN,

OR

When and Where I Was Converted.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I too was once a little boy. I never was a little girl, but my sister was.

I am very fond of children and love so much to make them happy. I can't tell you many entertaining stories like Dr. Smith, my Georgia friend, or Gilderoy, my Mississippi friend, but there is one great big incident in my life, which I want you all to know about. I mean now to tell you where I found Jesus, or when and where I was converted.

We lived in Tazewell, Ga. I was not quite seven years old when I had a little spell of sickness. My papa and mama must have talked much to me of what it was to be good or bad and the danger one is in who is bad, for one day I feared I would die, and I had my father sent for that he might pray with me. Although so young the Holy Spirit had often striven with me to give my heart to God.

Shortly after I had gotten well a little tract fell into my hands, which the Holy Spirit graciously used in my salvation. I had been taught to read and so I soon became much interested in the little booklet. As my whole life has been affected by it, I will here tran-

scribe some of it from the pages of my memory, and I pray that the same good Spirit may make it a blessing to my sweet little readers.

The book was about a Christian girl who married a heathen man, and later on moved over the high mountains, across the line, into this heathen country. God gave them a nice, bright baby boy. When he was quite too small to remember, his papa died, and his mother and he had to live in the cellar of a great, rich, heathen man's house. She kept bread and clothing for herself and little one by sewing and doing other service for the better-to-do folks about her.

Living in that damp room, together with hard work and poor food, brought on consumption.

She kept the knowledge of failing health and approaching death from her darling child, whom she had taught about Jesus as best she could without Sunday-school, preaching, and good books such as you children have.

Realizing one morning that death was on her, she told her little boy to go out and gather a kind of grass which the poorer people kneaded with dough, making "grass loaves," on which they subsisted. He obeyed, little knowing the sad hour which was soon to throw its blackness about his life. His mother arranged his scant wardrobe while he was away, tieing his clothes up in a neat little bundle. She then prepared him a large loaf of grass bread, placed it in a little sack for him, and then with death already on her, she laid down on the bed and called her precious boy, and with a heart breaking at the thought of the shadow soon to

fall across his young life, she said: "My dear child, God has called me to leave you. Death is on me now. You will have to be brave and witness the struggle. I will soon be cold and stiff like the old man I took you to see one day and whose stillness impressed you so. As I will soon be past speaking, listen well to all I now say.

"When I am dead, go up stairs and tell the man under whose house we live that he may have all in our room if he will nicely bury me. Then come back and kiss me goodbye and take these two bundles, containing your clothes and your food, and enter that path out yonder and go south, or the way the sun is at dinner time, until you reach the great mountain you have heard me speak of. You will find a passage through it; but it will be dark, and as you will be a good while getting through you will feel lonely and afraid, but put your trust in Jesus and he will care for you. You will find blackberries in the mountain which will go well with your bread.

"Once through the mountain you will strike some settlements of black people who will direct you on to the white settlements. When you are there inquire for the name I have often told you I bore before marrying. Those people are my relatives and they will love you and take you in for my sake."

She then said: "Kneel down here my boy and let your mother offer her dying prayer for you."

PRAYER.

"O God my Father. Thou hast given me this little boy, upon whom my hand now rests for the last time

in this world. Since Thou seest fit to call me home just when my child so much needs a mother's love and guidance, my faith is strong for him. Thou art too good to take me away and not raise up another friend. Grant me that he may never forget this hour. Go with him on this journey, which is to be so long and rough for bare and untried feet. Bring him to my loved ones, and as he follows this path by a mother's direction, so may he ever by the good Spirit's guidance keep to the path of life until Thou in thy own good way shalt bring him back here to preach to these poor ignorant people, and finally home to me in heaven. With all the pent up yearning of a dying mother I ask these blessings in Jesus name."

The prayer ended; our sobbing little friend arose to his feet, and after one long, convulsive embrace, all was over, and mamma was dead. He was the only mourner. He cried a long while, interspersing his sobs with calls upon his mamma to speak to him just one more time.

Remembering her instructions, he made his way up stairs and told the rich man what had happened—then came down and kissed mamma again and again just as you or I would have done, and started upon his long trip—but oh how could he leave mamma, his only earthly friend. She never looked half so sweet as now. He never knew what it was to need her until this moment. He implored her to open her sweet eyes and speak kind words to him just one more time, then sat down by her still form for a long time and tried to think. He finally arose, kissed her cold lips over and

over and picked up his bundles again, stood in the door, took one more long sad look at mamma, then trudged away toward the south crying aloud.

This, children, is the story, or a part of it. It affected me very much. I followed our little pilgrim in my imagination, tired from traveling all day, only to lie down on the damp ground to sleep at night. I thought he must be afraid. Then I wondered if Jesus did not let him dream that mother was with him.

I followed him in my mind until after many, many days he found friends among his mother's relatives. They could scarcely believe that one so young had come so far alone, through a country infested with wild beasts and robbers. They loved him because he was the boy of the beautiful girl they once knew.

He went to school—became educated—was converted and called to preach, went back into that heathen country, found his dear mother's grave, fixed it up, built many churches and schools in that land, and led oh! so many souls to Christ. As I said to you, children, I followed him in my mind from the time he went out to gather the grass until he took a farewell look at dear mamma and went crying down that path. In my mind I lay on the ground with him at night. In my mind I was close by when some sort of a wild beast came near him and sniffed the air, looked at the little sleeper, then passed on; and in my imagination I saw a bright angel come flying from the throne of God and motion to that hungry beast to go and get his breakfast some where else. In imagination I was with him when he stopped at the first black man's hut and

timidly asked the way to where the whites lived. Yet again I was close by when he, foot-sore, and tired, reached the settlements and found a friend. I felt that I was with him on Sabbath morning while sitting in the church, after the minister had preached a heart-touching sermon. Sinners were invited forward for prayer. A good woman saw this poor little orphan sitting apart from the others and looking so lonely. She went to him and spake so tenderly that he thought of his own dear mamma. Her words broke his little heart all up and he went forward for prayer and gave himself to Jesus and left the house so happy.

He was very poor, but worked hard by day and went to school at night until he acquired a pretty good education, as I have told you. In all this I kept up with him in my mind because I was so interested in him. When God called him to preach, and he mounted his pony and rode back through that mountain, I felt that I was right along, too. I thought it was so nice in him to go first of all to mamma's grave and fix it up. Then I would follow him in my childish fancy from place to place as he preached and built churches. He paid special attention to little motherless and fatherless children, and I thought this was so nice in him.

But do you know I could not read this sad story without crying as if I, too, had lost a dear one. So I would crawl away up under the house, in the little town where we lived, and would read my little book every day, and would take my little testament with me and read and pray. The Holy Spirit you know had

already made me feel that I was a sinner. I felt it more sensibly now than ever. I was very unhappy because I knew I was not good. One morning while reading and crying and praying I was led by the good spirit to believe on Jesus as my Saviour. I cast all my burden of guilt on Him and something as sweet as heaven came into my heart. Read Romans 5:1 and you will know what happened to me. Oh I was so happy! I did feel so light! Before this I used a naughty word towards my brother when he displeased me. I was afraid of snakes, afraid of the dark and afraid to die. After this sweet experience of which I have just told you I was not afraid of anything, but was just as careful about what I said and did.

Not knowing how to explain my good feelings to my parents I just kept them to myself, but I was real hungry to join the church and be good and wise and make a missionary, and go and help save the heathen. I had never seen any little children join the church, so did not know how to start (I did some work for the Lord though, which I will tell you about a little later.) About three months after Jesus forgave my sins, there under the house, they started a protracted meeting in the Methodist church. There were two churches in the village, one was a Missionary Baptist and the other was a Methodist. I knew nothing about the difference in doctrine or church customs and thought they had two because one would not hold all the people. I think yet, children, I had the right idea about it. My sister, several years older than I, was converted in this meeting, and went forward and gave her hand when they

called for joiners. I said to myself, that's the way they do that thing, so I went up and gave my hand. For three months I had been wanting to get into the church, feeling that this was somehow the next thing to do.

My papa was a good man—a class-leader, and held family prayer, but had failed to see how God had been leading me, so he told me the next morning that I was too young to understand the matter and must wait awhile. This was a great mistake in my good father. It was the saddest word I had ever heard—just to think that *I* had to wait for a long while to be good. But knowing that I did not understand many things I thought my papa was right, so I gave it all up, and gradually became indifferent. While I did not become as bad as some boys, my heart became so hard, and I would tell the preachers and the good Spirit that I did not understand these things—that when I did I would be good and join the church. This I kept up until I was over twenty years old, when I became powerfully awakened to my lost condition, and again sought and found God in the forgiveness of my sins. Again I was very happy.

But, little readers, as soon as the peace of God came into my heart this second time I said, Why, this is the same feeling I had when a little boy under the house praying. But I did not get it either time, you see, by understanding, but in God's way—by repenting and believing. I see now that Satan kept me from telling my parents all about my feelings when I was first saved. Then my papa was not as careful to look

after the state of my heart as he should have been. I see very clearly now that as soon as children can know bad things they can know good ones; as soon as they can learn bad words they can learn good ones; as soon as they can trust a boy or girl they can trust Jesus; as soon as they can join other children in sport or can join the school they can join the church; as soon as they can be led through the bad spirit to do wrong, they can be led through the good Spirit to do right; John the Baptist was under the influence of the good Spirit before his birth, and so are many other children too. Knowing this, I have tried to lead my little ones to give their hearts to Jesus while young. Our oldest was converted at the age of eight, while listening to me preach; the next was saved at seven, while Brother Dodge was praying for him; the next at six, while I was preaching; the others have been converted at younger ages still. None of our children have ever joined the church. We thought our little girls had better wear dresses, so we put them on them. We put our little boys into pants, for the same reason. When they were very small we thought it best to feed them on milk; then when they were stronger we gave them stronger food. We started them to school when we thought best, and since God told us to bring our children up in the way they should go, and we knew the church and the service of Christ was that way, we just joined them in while they were little, and they have never known anything else.

But I promised to tell my little readers about some work I did for the Lord while I was a little boy. What

I am about to tell may seem funny to some of the grown up folks, who have forgotten how God led them when they were young. But I trust many of you for whom this book is written will see that God was leading me, and from that will see His hand in your little lives.

It was about a big meeting I was going to tell you. Well, who do you suppose the preacher was? It was I, myself; and that too while I was so little. I was just a little over seven years old. Do you ask me why I did it? Well, my heart was so full of work that I just had to talk to somebody or something. So I slipped out one morning back of the garden and climbed up on a stump, under an apple tree, and made folks out of the cornstalks, in my mind, and preached to them. I do not remember my text, but I cried, and I felt like my congregation did too. After a stirring sermon, I called for mourners, and they all came and were converted and joined the church. There was a ten-acre field of these cornstalk sinners. You see I had success in my first effort to work for Jesus. I went back to the house feeling like I do sometimes now, after trying to save souls. The Spirit of the Lord made me feel good. Not a great while after this I had the same good Spirit to come on me again, pushing me out to preach. Going out about a quarter of a mile from the house, I climbed up on the fence and stood under a persimmon tree, and faced about three hundred acres of pine saplings. Again the power fell on us, and all of my congregation gathered about me for prayer, and were saved—in my mind. So you see

my first pulpit was a stump, and the first conversions I had were from cornstalk sinners. My second pulpit was a flat rail, and the conversions were not from the sons of Anak, but the tall pines of my Georgia home.

Since then I have seen many thousands of sure enough souls saved, but I think Jesus called me to practice on stalks and trees because I needed something to do.

The church now is looking after children better, and little boys and girls who feel like doing something for Jesus' sake, are often encouraged by the church and preacher. I so often see little children leading little sinners and big ones, too, to Jesus in my meetings. I wish I could tell you of some of these little workers, but maybe I will be able to tell you in another letter which I have in my mind to write sometime.

If any of you are helped by reading this letter I want you to write and tell me so. May Jesus help all of you to be good and do good. Goodbye.

BROTHER JNO. B. CULPEPPER.

OUR FIRST WORD.

We have had in mind for years the preparation of a book for children and young people between the ages of ten and twenty. We purposed that it should contain some matter from our own pens and from those of our friends. We did not, however, intend to depend on original sources, but to furnish the very best material upon which we could lay our hands from all sources. We have desired and striven to make this a book that will interest every member of the family and prove a benefit to all who read it. While its special field, according to its title, is the younger members of the household, we believe that it will prove entertaining to the entire family. Some of the articles are too advanced for the smaller children. This will, of course, make the book more interesting to maturer minds. Our purpose was to embrace the fields of religion, morals, education, social life and entertainment.

We could not, of course, fail to enter our protest in these pages against the vile liquor traffic and the hurtful tobacco habit. We believe that every home where this book finds a place will be encouraged to nobler living and exalted to higher ideals of life in view of both time and eternity through its perusal. We have worked jointly upon it, and have interested the younger members of our family, that we might test the merits of the articles before they were published. Our hope in the circulation of this book is, to elevate the moral, social, intellectual, and religious lives of our readers. We trust those who find these pages helpful will not be selfish in their use, but will pass the book on to their neighbors and friends. Is it too much to ask that every Christian reader will unite his or her prayers with ours for God's blessing on this book.

THE EDITORS.

AN ACROSTIC.

Children now hear me, a message I give,
Advice, if attended, your spirit shall live;
Remember your Savior in life's early day,
Ever be a true Christian, at work or at play;
Fight the good fight, and you're certain to win,
Unite with God's people—Abstain from all sin,
Live ever for Jesus; be faithful and clean.

Christ loves the dear children, we read in His Word,
Up far in yon glory,—still our prayer He hath heard.
Let never an evil find lodgment or place,
Look always to Jesus. He'll give you His grace.
Into thy closet, when tempted, soon go,
No evil shall take you—for Jesus said so;
God is a Spirit, He'll meet with you there,
Saving and keeping, midst sorrow and care.

Fear not to trust Him, though dark be your way,
Only believe, and soon 'twill be day;
Right, He will crown—and will never betray.

Carefully walk, at home or abroad,
Hold on to Jesus, be true to thy God;
If tempted to evil, resist with your might,
Look unto Jesus and stand for the right.
Dear children, this book is written for you,
Read every word in it, be kindly and true;
Each day you grow older, read, study and pray,—
Never forget—your parents obey.

L. L. P.

A BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Josh. 24:15.
Abide in me and I in you. John 15:4.
Reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord. Lev. 19:30.
Evil-doers shall be cut off. Ps. 37:9.
Fear God and keep His commandments. Eccl. 12:14.

Under the shadow of the Almighty. Psa. 91:1.
Light shall shine on thy ways. Job 22:28.
Care one for another. 1 Cor. 12:25.
Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise. 2 Pet. 1:19.
Let your light so shine. Matt. 5:16.
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee. Prov. 3:3.
In His favor is life. Psa. 30:5.
Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life. Matt. 7:14.
God is a sun and shield. Ps. 84:11.
Show us thy mercy, O Lord. Psa. 85:7.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Prov. 27:6.
O God, thou art my God. Psa 63:1.
Righteousness exalteth a nation. Prov. 14:34.

Casting all your care upon Him. 1 Pet. 5:7.
Hearken diligently unto my commandments. Deut. 11:13.
In all thy ways, acknowledge Him. Prov. 97:11.
Light is sown for the righteous. Psa. 97:11.
Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10:31.
Rightly dividing the word of truth. 2 Tim. 2:15.
Evil shall slay the wicked. Psa. 34:25. See Prov. 13:21.
Nigh unto them (the Lord is) that are of a broken heart. Psa. 34:18. L. L. P.

JAMES WALLACE.

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and after regarding him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know, Harman." "How far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!" James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the flight of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he

was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

The next morning the apprentice boy resumed his place at the workbench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night while he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

"Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded, with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—"Oh, dear! How wonderfully wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderfully wise," Harman at length said with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well, you are not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you. Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone."

Poor James' heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said

appealingly, "lend me the book; I will take good care of it."

"No I wont: and don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his naturally, open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that he had created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to the earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain work, he knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled colors. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I could do it cheaply, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested, when he was on his feet moving towards the street. In a few minutes

he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply made in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humored smile; for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"Oh yes, sir; they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice, for you, and cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr. Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr. Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr. Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr. Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr. Lee standing at the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over his book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half dollar, at a second-hand bookstall, a dictionary. By the aid of this he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labor assigned to him.

It occurred just at this time that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—

did this poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and what was more, he had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information. He was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct informaton in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew, comparatively, but little.

Let us now turn for a few moments to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr. Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor, soon

took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades or storekeeping. Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any rich appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honorable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of Harman's father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A. B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labor, and was up at the first peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honorable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient, persevering efforts, as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although on the

very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college. The other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

Young Wallace passed his examination with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill. The lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the most profound contempt.

The case came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence, and a marked atten-

tion and interest when the young stranger arose in the court room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defense.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother" in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his " learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away, when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly rose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been

left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and clear moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons, is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue ever after a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means,

and fewer opportunities; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.

JAS. P. BOYD.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME.

L. L. PICKETT.

If Christ should come, my friend, to-day,
Would you arise and gladly say,
"All hail! my coming King"?
Could you rejoice with holy joy,—
Could you your highest notes employ,—
His deathless praise to sing?
O who is like this King of kings,—
Whose highest praise in heaven rings.
Who can with Him compare?
He is the friend of youth and age,
He guards their steps at every stage,
The fairest of the fair.
O let us each proclaim Him Lord,
Accept His grace, believe His Word,
Fall humbly at His feet;
To Him our richest praise we give,
For Him alone we'll ever live,
His coming gladly greet.

ETIQUETTE.

The meanest and most despairing thing in social existence is rudeness; the most desirable and exhilarating thing is politeness. Rudeness is fog or frost in a social circle. Politeness is sunshine and balm. One rude remark, one exhibition of vulgarity in behavior, crushes the life out of any gathering and spoils an entire social occasion. Politeness infuses life into a gathering and contributes to the enjoyment and success of every social occasion.

Etiquette covers the entire field of good breeding, though it is often limited to those little refinements which constitute behavior in public. It is very much better to regard the uses and the laws of etiquette as general than as special. There is no age nor time that should be exempt from the teachings which etiquette instills, nor the restraints which it imposes. Neither is there any place that should be exempt from its laws and influences.

The prime school of etiquette is the home. We are perfectly aware of the difficulty of laying down a code of etiquette for the household. None need be laid down. But what every father and mother should insist upon is general subscription to recognized rules of good breeding, and the persistent practice of those little essentials of style and conduct which society expects when she invites members to join her circles.

Ordinary home etiquette requires a clean and neat

appearance of all the members of the family at the table. The meal should be announced in a formal way by the tinkling of a bell or by some set and pleasant word of invitation. There should be no rush and scramble for precedence. Plates should be helped and passed in a graceful way, and with deference to elders and strangers. There should be no hasty partaking of food, no gormandizing. Knife and fork should be handled deftly, and as if tools for a definite purpose, rather than as mere shovels. Bending low over a plate and spading food into the mouth with a knife is a tigerish, or rather piggish way of partaking of it. One can, by a little practice, acquire the art of conveying food to the mouth so as to impress a beholder with the fact that the eater is something more than a mere animal, intent on what is before it and in dread lest the other animals may rob it of its share. The fork is by far the most graceful and safest means of carrying food to the mouth, and, considering their utility in this respect, we have often wondered how it is that the primitive fork of two tines has not long since given way entirely to the equally cheap and far more refined, four-tined instrument.

We know of no place where conversation is so essential and can be given so many happy turns as at the table. It is the place for pleasing, sprightly speech. The happy mood at table is a safeguard against gormandizing. It assures better mastication and better digestion. Easy, light, cheerful interchanges of thought at table dignifies the occasion and enhances that sense of comfort which goes with and succeeds meal-time enjoyment. People who indulge in this kind of table sociability are

seldom fidgety when out in company. They have the power to feel easy and the ability to make those around them feel easy. They are desirable in every sense of the word, as guests, and they fill an important place in the social world.

One has but to observe conduct very casually at the pic-nic, the evening party, the church entertainment, or the ordinary social gathering, to ascertain who practices and who neglects the study of etiquette. When you see ladies and gentlemen meeting with a polite bow or a graceful hand-shake; when you see them moving about without signs of diffidence or nervousness, not jostlingly, but caring for the personal comfort of each other, smilingly and with some appropriate speech at each interview; when you see them contributing to the joy and eclat of the occasion, without effort to themselves, and in a way that is seemingly natural; you know at once that they have been pupils in the school of etiquette, and have become sufficiently familiar with the accepted rules to make them a part of their social conduct. There is no set of rules or laws that become so soon, so effectually and so naturally a part of our conduct as those of etiquette. To act them unconsciously is the highest achievement of breeding and the most desirable social accomplishment.

The child that is taught to say "good night" to the family on retiring, or "good morning" on rising, comes to feel instinctively that salutation is proper on meeting friends, and its greeting will be without offishness or awkwardness, in other words, natural. The young man who makes a practice of schooling himself in the minor

laws of conduct acquires a naturalness which puts him at ease in the social world. So with the young lady. To know what to do, is to do it, and there is no art in the world that requires the doing so promptly as etiquette. The not knowing what to do in the social circle is fatal to comfort and to status. The knowing what to do and the lack of ability to do it then and there is hardly less fatal. But when the knowledge and the act are one, then the social being is happiest, most comfortable, most useful, most impressive.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it:
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, he looked and smiled.
And straight up to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart:
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.—*Sel.*

THE POLITE VOICE.

To nearly every one the opportunity has been given to know the pleasure of listening to a sweet, cultured voice, and the feeling of confidence which such a voice inspires, for we often imagine that we can tell something of the speaker's moral condition from the voice: one rough to brutality, one soft to hypocritical silkiness, here with a snarly, petulant cry in it, there with a clear, natural ring that bids and compels trust. Every one may not be blessed by nature with the soft voice and gracious manner of using it, which is so surely one of the signs of good breeding; but almost every one can, by persistent endeavor, attain something like it, as the voice is susceptible to improvement until close upon the thirtieth year. There is no young voice that cannot be improved by advice and training from one capable of giving both. It is of the utmost importance that from the very beginning the child should hear none but softened voices and gentle, though distinct, utterances. A servant of rude tones, or any one of a disagreeable habit of voice, should never be allowed about it. It is the voice of the child while still under the mother's care, the thick, rude mouthing of the boy, the thin, shrill piping of the girl, which we would have the teachers at home and at school exert themselves to modify. It may require special and technical knowledge to teach the child how to open the mouth, constrain or relax the muscles, and take breath correctly, but it is only a fit and proper part of his education, and he has a right to it.

TOM'S ENDLESS CHAIN.

ABBIE C. MORROW.

A True Story.

"Come to our Band of Hope, Jimmy?"

"I dun know. What be it?"

"A temperance society, where we sing and say pieces and sign the pledge."

"Sign the what?"

"The pledge."

"What's that?"

"A pretty card, all colors, that says, 'I won't drink, and I won't smoke and I won't swear.' "

"Father drinks awful."

"Then you'd better come. Maybe you could get him to quit it."

"I drink, too, sometimes. The beer's awful good."

Tom hardly knew what to say to that. His father voted the temperance ticket, and he had never tasted beer. They lived in the big house on the hill, while Jimmy's hut was down in what was known as Jackson's Hollow.

"Maybe that's what makes you so poor," Tom ventured, presently.

Jimmy did not answer, but turned a somersault instead.

"I'm going to speak a piece next Saturday. I wish you would come and hear me," he said.

"I will, sure's my name's Jim."

And he did. There was something so pitiful about his pinched, dirty face, and the eagerness with which he listened to all that was said, and the way he responded to the invitation to sign the pledge, that it touched Miss Graham. She contrived to detain him after the rest were gone.

Miss Graham "loved God and little children."

This young girl, not yet twenty, talked with the forlorn child until she learned that he had a pet rat that he had tamed in its babyhood and which he loved better than anything else in the world. She listened patiently while he told all the tricks he had taught Skee, and how he would fight any boy that teased him, no matter how big he was. Then she said,

"Suppose some day Skee would not come when you called him?"

"Skee wouldn't ever do that. He always minds just as quick!"

"Suppose he wouldn't do any of the things you asked of him?"

"I can't s'pose, 'cause he would."

"What if he should go off and live with some other boy, and never live with you or play with you any more?"

The boy gulped down a sob. He had neither mother nor sister nor playmate to love. All his heart had gone out to this strange little pet he had trained.

"He wouldn't, Miss Graham," he said.

Then Miss Graham laid her hand gently on the boy's shoulder and told him about the love of Jesus. Told him that the dear Savior loved him better than he loved

Skee, loved him so much that he had died for him. Then she sent him home.

The following week he was there before the door was opened. He lingered of his own accord when they were gone.

"What is it, Jimmy?" Miss Graham asked kindly.

"What you told me last week," the boy sobbed. "I don't know how to love him what loves me so, and I feel awful mean not to do it."

"Jimmy, have you ever done any thing wrong?"

"Lots of times. Why, I've drunk beer, and hid when pop called me, and stole pennies out of his pocket, and fit with the boys, and"—with a long sigh—"ever so many more."

Miss Graham went up to the blackboard and wrote down everything Jimmy had told her. Then she said, "Jesus loves you. Jesus has promised to forgive all your sins, and when he does you cannot help loving him."

She opened her Bible and read, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out all thy transgressions."

Then she took the blotter and rubbed out all that was written on the board. "Let us kneel and pray," she said, "and ask Jesus to blot out all your sins just so."

When they rose from their knees the child's face was very bright. "They're every single one rubbed out, I do love him, Miss Graham," he said.

The next week Miss Graham looked in vain for her promising little pupil. Tom, who had first brought him could tell nothing about him. But just at the close he walked in and took a seat by the door with a man.

partially intoxicated, that Miss Graham guessed might be his father.

When the rest had gone he said to her: "Pop wants his sins rubbed out, too."

The man signed the pledge, and knelt and gave himself to the Lord; and when he rose from his knees, he was sober and saved and ready to begin a new life.

The next week father and son came again—and not alone. Jimmy's father had persuaded a neighbor to come and sign the pledge. And one boy sat there so happy to think that four weeks before he had had the courage to ask a poor boy to come and join his Band of Hope. Can you guess why I have called my story "Tom's Endless Chain?"

HANDSOMELY DECLINED.

The late Bishop Doane of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his side-board and tables were loaded with brandy, wine, etc.

On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, Bishop! 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy then."

"Can't do it, Bishop! 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, Bishop, I can't do that! 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

A LESSON IN SELF-DENIAL.

ABBIE C. MORROW.

At the Keuka Lake convention, in the summer of 1895, I was much touched by the following sentence in Mr. Simpson's sermon: "There are garments that are dyed with the blood of the heathen."

I seemed to see, standing in front of me, a red velvet dress, that in the old, worldly days, I had paid $6.00 a yard for, and had thought it was beautiful. Now it seemed dyed with blood. My heart ached. My tears fell like rain. But I had only my tithe money, just $6.50, that I could give, and it was such a trifle when the need was so great. I asked the Lord if I might pledge $100, and trust Him to send it to me. But he said, "No, my child."

Then He reminded me of the time in 1885, when Mr. Morrow and I were in Colorado Springs, and I went to buy a lunch before entering the train. I purchased some crackers and stood beside a fruit stand, waiting to give my order for two pounds of grapes when a voice whispered, "Will you do without the grapes for my sake?" "Yes, I will," I said, and turned away. But the day was hot, and the grapes were large and luscious, so I turned back and stood again beside them, when I heard the same whisper in my heart, "Will you do without the grapes for My sake?" Again I said, "I will," and walked toward the train. But it

was so hot and crackers are dry. So I turned again to the big, beautiful grapes. A third time the voice whispered, "Will you do without the grapes for My sake?" This time I said, decidedly and contentedly, "I will," and Mr. Morrow and I ate crackers for lunch, and put the money in our "Do Without Box," for our little orphan in India. And the crackers were not dry.

As I sat there in the convention, the same voice came to me so sweetly, "Will you do without fruit this year, and give the money to missions?" A year seemed a long time, and the thought of the figs, oranges, and apples, which seemed really essential to my health, set the tears rolling again. The adversary suggested, "You will die if you do. You cannot live without fruit." But it is years since I have said anything but "Yes" to the Lord, and He knew I would do without the fruit if the ars did come.

Our Father then told me to get up and tell the people that I wanted to pledge the $100, but He had asked me to do without the fruit. When I sat down many were in tears. As Miss Shepard stood up to sing, she said: "I asked Mrs. Morrow this noon why she did not eat her meat and potato, and she said she did not care for meat and potato, she liked fruit." Then she sang "All For Jesus," and the gifts began to pour in.

Mrs. Kinney, who had only meant to give $500, immediately gave $600, and one who had only given $100 the year before, gave $1,000. Next, a man who through curiosity had come to the grounds with his wife on the fourth, and had, with her, been converted, gave a diamond pin. Afterward, he said, "I'm new at this busi-

ness, but I've raised lots of money for the devil, and would like to pledge $25 and raise it for the Lord." Again, afterward, he said, "I would like to pledge $25 more and go without tobacco this year." A lady gave a watch she valued much as a gift from her husband and boys.

They had asked us to pray for $7,000, as they had raised $5,000 the year before, and thought they would ask for $7,000. But in a little while about $14,000 had been pledged, and some jewelry and sixteen gold watches given. From that hour the little sentence, "Multiply your seed sown" (2 Cor. 9:10), has held a new meaning for me.

I fully expected not to taste a morsel of fruit for a year. It never for a second occurred to me that anyone could give me fruit, or that the Lord would send me any. God was testing me. But as the meeting closed, a lady said to me, "I was led to pick a cup of cherries this morning. I believe the Lord meant them for you." A gentleman said, "Would you eat fruit if the Lord sent it to you?" "Why, yes, I think so." "Put your name and address down here." I did so. He said, "Grapes are ripe in September and October; you eat all the Lord sends you." That evening Bro. Russell put $2.00 in my hand and said, "For the life of you, don't you spend that for anything but fruit." I did as he requested. That money all went for fruit, but not for myself. It was a greater joy to give it to an aged, dying man, whom the Lord, through me, had won to Himself. A young girl put an orange into my hand, and said, "That is to eat on the train tomorrow."

In the morning another dear girl gave me an orange, using the same words. The one fruit I always prefer to "eat on the train" is oranges. Going home, a friend paid for my dinner in the dining-car, and I had oranges and raspberries. It was just like our Lord to prove so instantly the truth of His word, "He that hath pity upon the poor (heathen) lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again" (Pr. 19:17).

With the autumn there came a great basket of large red, white and purple grapes from Bro. C. M. Bruce, of Penn Yan, who had said to me, "Grapes are ripe in September and October; you eat all the Lord sends you." The Scripture texts enclosed, 1 Cor. 15:37, and Ps. 37:3, brought a blessing, and the big bunches, packed so closely, were a real fulfillment of the Savior's promise, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom" (Luke 6:38).

One day, soon after my return to the city, in Dr. Stearn's Monday Bible Class, a wealthy lady came to me and said, hesitatingly, "I do not know what it means, but I am sure the Lord says I am to send you a bushel of apples. We had a barrel sent to us recently." When she learned how I had been led, she was pleased that the Father used her to supply me with the fruit.

Later, a friend called, and as we were talking about health foods, she said with some emphasis, "You ought to eat oranges." "The only way I can eat oranges this winter is to ask the Lord to send me some." "Ask

Him, then," she said. After she had gone I prayed, "Lord, if you want me to have any oranges, send me some." A few days afterward she called again, and laughing, handed me six big, beautiful ones.

Soon after that I went to Passaic, to a meeting of the Young Ladies' Christian League. As a surprise, and it surely was a surprise, the young girls brought me grapes, figs and many oranges. They were lamenting that there were so many oranges and no bananas, until I told them I had been praying for oranges and did not care for bananas. God bless the dear girls and my husband and the other dear ones in the home, who watched to see that I was suppled with fruit, and all kind friends who by thought, or word, or prayer, or love, or gifts, have been His instruments in bringing me nearer to a realization of the truth, "Himself for me" (Gal. 2:10).

When the Heavenly Father allowed me to be without fruit, it was not hard to do without for His sake; and the surprises of the dear ones in the home were sweet; and the sending dollars to the missionary treasury, that could not otherwise have gone, was a great pleasure. What seemed like a "curse" that day as I said "Yes" to the Lord's whispered question, was indeed turned into "a blessing" unto me because the Lord loved me (Deut. 23:5).

JONES' ALPHABET.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON.

George Washington Jones was nineteen years of age before he learned his alphabet. It contained but three letters, and they were all the same. He was an orphan who had managed to live in spite of being a waif, homeless and friendless. He had learned to read by some strange chance, exactly how, he never could explain. The little which he had read had awakened lofty ambitions in his boyish mind. His day-dreams would have filled with laughter all who knew him had they but known them. He treasured his purposes as the secrets of his own heart and brain, and patiently and contentedly toiled, living from hand to mouth until he had reached the age of nineteen years.

His nineteenth birthday was his emancipation day. He was going to his daily work when he saw a fragment of a newspaper flitting before him, driven by the wind. He stopped and caught it and read:

"Push with energy; plod with patience; endure with pluck; and you can do anything that God approves. With these P's, push, patience, pluck, as your alphabet, you can spell every word but FAIL."

The boy became a man in a flash. He straightened himself to his full height and spoke aloud:

"I have learned my alphabet; now I will begin to spell."

He looked again at the paper and saw that the words were a brief extract from an address by the president of Walden University. He said to himself: "I do not know where Walden University is, but I will find it."

One week from this birthday, he started on foot for Walden University. He carried in his hand a small bundle containing his scanty wardrobe. In his pocket were a few cents, his total fortune. His journey was filled with adventure, but he triumphed over all obstacles. He asked nothing and would receive nothing in charity. He earned his living by the way, but ever kept moving toward his goal. It took many weeks, but he was ever cheerful and courageous. His smile was a sunbeam; his laugh was rich music; his song was a trumpet blast. He worked and smiled and sung his way, until wearied, footsore, shabby and gaunt with hunger, he entered the city. He found the man whose words had changed the current of his life. He quietly stated his desire to secure an education, and exhibited the soiled fragment of paper containing his alphabet.

He was encouraged and assured that if he would continue to spell as he had begun he could not fail to succeed. Disdaining to accept aid, Jones began to seek work to pay his way. He tried scores of places, only to be refused. He bowed, lifted his fragment of a hat and smiled when each said, "No!" One man, who had been unusually curt and surly, was so amazed at the smile and bow that he muttered to himself:

"If he can do that when I say 'No,' what would he do if I were to say 'Yes?' I'll try it as an experiment."

When Jones was recalled, the man said, "What kind of work do you want?"

"Anything!"

"I have work, but it is hard."

"I am strong."

"It is dirty."

"I have soap in my pocket."

"The pay will be small."

"I do not need much."

"Follow me!"

Jones had a job.

The cellar of a large warehouse was as gloomy as a dungeon. It was filled nearly to the ceiling with boxes and barrels. Refuse of every kind was piled in heaps.

"Clear this up. Break up the barrels and boxes that are useless. Pile neatly those that are good. Put this rubbish in barrels on the sidewalk. I will give you one dollar for the job. When will you begin?"

"Now!" said Jones. "If you will let me sleep in the room we came through, I will not leave until the job is done. I saw an old blanket on the floor that will do for a bed."

Permission being given, Jones had a job and lodgings. A few wisps of hay and a disreputable old horse blanket served for a bed. Three nickles, his total wealth, purchased three loaves of bread. A faucet in an old sink furnished water, and Jones had a job, board and lodging. It took three days to complete the task. When it was finished the employer was asked to pass his approval upon the work.

Every bit of rubbish had been carried out, and filled

a row of barrels on the sidewalk. In one corner boxes all ready for use were stored. In another corner, a similar pile of barrels was placed. In another corner, kindling wood from the broken barrels and boxes was heaped. In a box were two pailsful of coal, picked from the ashes; in another box were scores of bottles taken from the rubbish, all assorted as to size and carefully washed. The windows that had been obscured with dirt and cobwebs were washed clean and wiped dry and bright. By the aid of an old whitewash brush and a pail of discarded lime that had been discovered in the rubbish, the cellar had been carefully whitened, it was swept, light, clean and almost fit to live in. The owner looked about him silently for a few moments and said:

"If that is the way you do your work you will never want for a job. I have a pile of wood in my back yard that you can tackle, and it is big enough to keep you busy for a year. I'll pay you the market price for the work."

Jones looked at the silver dollar, smiled and bowed his thanks and asked to be shown the way to the wood-pile. He worked his way through two years' preparatory training, four years collegiate study at Walden University, and three years of theological training at Gammon School of Theology. He applied his alphabet to his books as he did to his work, and earned honorable recognition in every study.

He became a speaker and a writer of more than average ability. He developed into an all-round athlete without a peer in his class. He could sprint faster on an errand; lift harder on a heavy load; knock out

more tough obstacles, and surmount greater difficulties than any man in either institution.

The day that he received his diploma from Gammon Theological Seminary, he sat down in his room and carefully read the words on the fragment of paper that contained his alphabet, and spelled out the words that were to form the motto of his future work in the world.—*Southwestern Christian Advocate.*

KIND WORDS.

It pays to speak them. This world has a very harsh side. Christian people ought to practice the art of kindness. A sour Christianity is an exceedingly poor advertisement of the Lowly Nazarene. There is many a weary, sad heart that could be cheered by a kind word. We ought to watch for an opportunity to thus bring joy to those who are unfortunate or disconsolate. Say a kind word, do a kind deed, do not simply plan to do it, but do it, and you will reap a harvest of everlasting peace and love.—*Anon.*

FIRMNESS OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

Frank Edwards, a young married man, employed as a machinist in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of this young, pious mechanic.

But piety is not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports—gloriously supports the sufferer—but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through "*much tribulation.*" As in our nature, the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon, while the sun shines with splendor in the heavens, so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that events are in preparation, which may hurl him down to the vale of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation.

It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy fam-

ily. In the midst of prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table.

One day the machinery of the manufactory broke, and its operations were stopped. All hands were set to repairing it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. On Saturday morning, the overseer entered and said to the men, "You must work all day tomorrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him, under all circumstances, to refrain from labor on the Sabbath. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer:

"Sir, tomorrow is Sunday."

"I know it, but our mill must be repaired."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Sabbath?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, but I can not work tomorrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards; you know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration?"

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough—no price is high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker any more."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work tomorrow, or be discharged."

"I can not hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep his commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you will step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave our establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial, would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he gathered up his tools, and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion, had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly, while handing him his wages: "Mr. Edwards, had you not better consider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labor on the Sabbath."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed; I will not work on Sunday, if I have to starve to death."

"Very well, sir," was the cool answer of the overseer; who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching the humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind, that possibly he might soon lose his home comforts. But that sigh was momentary; he remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged!"

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? O, what will become of us? Tell me why you are discharged!"

"Be calm, Mary! God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the Sabbath. They wanted

me to work tomorrow, and because I refused, they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would, under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far; but although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet, and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit, than when he sank to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severer test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his church said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirement of his duty. "It was well," they said, "to keep the Sabbath; but then, a man like Frank Edwards ought to look to the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the work-house."

This was dastardly language for Christians; but there are always too many of this class of irresolute, sight-walking disciples. Frank met them on all sides, and found himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with the spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left

them, the other corporations refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face; Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture, went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one little garret held the little, afflicted family and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God? No! he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness; all would be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphing faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and, pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him! the martyr-mechanic, on board the emigrant-ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope, Frank looked toward this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of our Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival saw him not merely

employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlor, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "*Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud; surely he shall not be moved forever.*"

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for Sabbath labor was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through tomorrow, Mr. Edwards; so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning; God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards; you must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on the Sabbath; I will not do it here."

Monday came, the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman in-

quired of him: "I wish you to go with me to ——, to take charge of my establishment; will you go?"

"I do not know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will go; if they do not, I have no wish to leave."

"This is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason; I honor you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trial, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the one he was to leave. God had kept his promise.

A TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.

1. This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, and the doom of sinners.

2. Its doctrines are holy, its histories are true, its precepts are binding, and its decisions are immutable.

3. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, practice it to be holy.

4. Christ is the grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end.

5. It contains light to direct you, good to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

6. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's chart.

7. It should fill the memory, rule the heart and guide the feet.

8. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully.

9. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of life.

10. It involves the highest responsibilities, will reward the greatest labor, and will condemn all who trifle

11. It is given us in life, will be opened in the with its sacred contents.
judgment, and will be remembered forever.

12. "And the very God of Peace sanctify you wholly." 1 Thess. 5:23.—*Selected.*

WHAT THE BIBLE IS.

Some writer gives the following analysis of the "Book of books," the Bible:

It is a book of laws, to show the right from the wrong.

It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory.

It is a book of life, showing how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, a choice book of biography, an interesting book of travels.

It is the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written.

It is the best will ever executed, the best testament ever signed.

It is the learned man's masterpiece.

It is the young man's best companion.

It is the schoolboy's best instructor.

It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.

But that which crowns all is the Author.

He is without partiality and without hypocrisy. With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

GUSTAVUS AND THE PEASANT GIRL.

Gustavus III., king of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl, of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said:

"My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your

proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me! but, even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king, surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, somewhat coloring, "my mother is poor and sick, and has no one but me to assist and comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible, than at that moment, of the pleasure of occupying an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature, almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only

say: "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good-bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

"LOVE."

Love is the brightest star in the Christian firmament, the fairest flower in the garden of God. It comprehends all virtue, honor, goodness, purity, sincerity, magnanimity, and whatever else can adorn the human character. For what is holiness, but love pure and supreme? and what is heaven, but love perfected, unalloyed, and everlasting? and what are all the Christian virtues and graces, but so many modifications and variations of the same divine principle? Mercy, what is it but love sparing the guilty? and kindness, but love blessing the needy? and pity, but love sympathizing with the sufferer? And what is beneficence, but love distributing its bounty? and gratitude, but love reciprocating its favors? and fortitude, but love sustaining its burdens? and fidelity, but love performing its promises and vows? And what is zeal, but love contending? and peace, but love reposing? and joy, but love exulting? and patience, but love enduring? and meekness, but love forbearing with its foe?—*Joseph Cross.*

"I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."

By Mrs. Sigourney.

I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body: he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distance of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when

there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son, "He is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned, but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silenced—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the cold clods of

the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Savior had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned

no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

THE DIRTY THREE.

BY L. L. PICKETT.

There are some animals we know,
Who chew the cud—their jaws work so:
(chewing vigorously)
You ask me for their names, I ween,
As if the like you'd never seen.
I'm told their number is but three,
And here their species you may see:
The first I name is but a worm,
Whose life is but a short school-term,
For soon the man will kill him dead,
And chew the leaf where once he fed.

We next discern a poor old goat,
From mountain wilds, with hairy coat;
He chews the cud and eats the weed,
But never yet has felt the need
To use a pipe or cigarette—
I'm sure 'twould cause him deep regret
If he were forced to dip or puff
Like many a man—a human tough.
The last I name in this trio
A biped is—and you may know
That he has far surpassed the two
That I have named—for he can chew,
But farther yet—by far we see,
He leads the van—"The dirty three,"
For though they chew, they never go
Beyond this limit here below,
While lo! he uses, if you please,
The powdered snuff that makes him sneeze;
And further yet, he takes his joke—
Ah! did you never see him smoke
The pipe, cigar and cigarette?
My! see him puff—he's puffing yet.
Now, of these animals—the three—
He beats them all, as you'll agree
That he who smokes and chews and snuffs
Should head this list—"tobacco toughs."
You ask his name? It used to be
"A Gentleman," but now—Ah, me!
With worms and goats we have him classed,
And of the three, he comes the last.

A GIRL'S VENTURE.

By Margaret Wintringer.

"Really, mamma, this is carrying things to the extreme," said Annie Roberts, as her little sister Elizabeth came home from the Anti-Cigaret meeting and proudly displayed the Anti-Cigaret badge pinned on her tiny jacket. "The idea of pledging girls like Elizabeth not to smoke, or drink, or swear! It is too absurd, and I should think you would not permit it, mamma."

Annie was just home from college, and the weight of its learning had not yet left her; but she was a sweet girl, full of life and health, and her rippling laughter was not unpleasant to hear as she turned to tiny Elizabeth.

"Come here, tot, and tell me what the speaker thought a little five-year-old like you could do in this Anti-Cigaret fight!"

"Why, whenever a man smokes in my presence I can say 'Whew!'" said Elizabeth, and the small maiden drew herself up proudly, while the contemptuous curl of the little nose and look of disgust which accompanied the ejaculation brought another peal of laughter from her elder sister.

"H'mph!" said Aunt Martha, "nothing to laugh at; the most sensible thing a girl can do, if she only knew it, but it seems they don't gain that knowledge in college."

The remark was lost upon Annie, however, as she ran to the young people who called for her.

It was a gay little party; three girls and one boy in the boat, and Annie Roberts secretly rejoiced that the young man's attention was almost exclusively given to her. An hour's rowing, and two girls took the oars, to relieve their escort, who settled himself comfortably in the stern of the boat beside the pretty object of his admiration, and taking out a package of cigarets carefully chose one, and turned lightly to the girl by his side.

"I know you don't object to tobacco," he said smilingly.

Some way little Elizabeth's face came before the girl to whom he appealed, and, moved by a sudden impulse, she turned to him with embarrassed laugher: "But I do," she exclaimed.

"Since when, may I ask?" he queried, sarcastically.

Annie blushed a deep crimson and lost her usual ease of manner, as she remembered that only the day before she had not only permitted this same young man to smoke in her presence, but had laughingly declared that she quite envied him, and was almost willing to join him in a good smoke. She quickly recovered herself, however, and was soon, to all appearances, the same thoughtless pretty girl who always challenged Harry Powers' admiration.

"Never mind about that," she said gayly. "I want that whole package of cigarets. Yes, I am in earnest," as Harry looked at her incredulously, but the package was put into her outstretched hand, while the other two girls looked on in amazement.

"Now, I want to throw them in the water; may I?" continued Annie.

Piqued by curiosity, Harry gave his consent, and the cigarets were consigned overboard.

"Thank you, sir," and Annie bowed in mock courtesy. "Now, girls, pull for the shore."

They quickly landed, and, for the first time since their acquaintance began, Harry Powers accompanied another girl than Annie home.

"Oh, dear! I have offended him forever. Why did I do a thing so foolish? It is well enough for Elizabeth, but at my age!"

When Harry Powers was announced the next day, Annie greeted him with evident embarrassment, and after a quarter of an hour of constrained conversation, she mustered courage to stammer, "I—I feel I should apolo—"

"Please don't say you want to apologize for the kindest act a girl ever did to a fellow," said Harry impetuously. "I have known for some time that I have been ruining my chances in life by the use of the cigaret. The doctor told me it was hurting my heart, and the faculty gave me a rake-over at the 'varsity,' but nothing brought me up as you did yesterday afternoon, and I am grateful to you for it. I thought the doctor was prejudiced, and that the professor was preaching, but it's different when a girl like you takes a hand at a fellow. Say, Annie, what made you do it? It was a gritty thing to do, and boys like grit in a girl."

Then Annie told of tiny Elizabeth's Anti-Cigaret pin and her small sister's unconscious sermon.

"It's a good thing, blest if it isn't. Suppose we join and do our part to break up the cigaret habit in this town. If any one can do anything against the cigaret it's girls like you," with an admiring glance at Annie.

And this was the beginning of the Anti-Cigaret League that has done such effective work in Wellington. —*Young Crusader.*

FLIRTING.

Flirting is make-believe love-making. It is neither real love-making, nor is it friendship; in fact, it is detrimental to either. It hinders true acquaintance. Love, friendship and true acquaintance should exist between men and women; but flirting intervenes and destroys the three, leaving only a miserable sham in their place.

By flirtation, we lessen our sensitiveness and sympathies. We lose something of the nice refinement of modesty. We make our own natures constantly more shallow, instead of deeper. We are less and less likely to know the power of true love, when we content ourselves always with its shams. In proportion as flirtation increases, real love and marriage will decrease. Then, as in flirtation, we are making believe, and know that other people are making believe, our zeal for honesty and our sincere respect for ourselves and other people decrease. Again, as flirtation needs no solid foundation of worth to rest upon, by flirting we lessen our habit of investigating the characters of our acquaintances, and, by dis-

use, the very power of judging weakens. In the very nature of things, we make many acquaintances in social life that cannot be expected to endure, however pleasant they may be while they last, but all the same, these should not be mingled with any pretense of love-making or affection.

Family life and family affection are the true centre of human existence; but the practice of flirting antagonizes these. If you will look over your acquaintances, you will see that the young men and women who are notable flirts do not marry. Or, if eventually they do marry, it is generally a most unfortunate venture. They have wrested their sympathies, used up their emotions, obscured their judgments.

A young woman of refined feeling will not care to accept the attention of a young man who is notorious for his many flames and engagements. If she has kept her own heart and its love as sacred, she is not likely to exchange them for the burnt-out ashes of a fickle youth's many attachments. On the other hand, the young man of sense, who desires a wife that his heart may trust, whose wisdom shall be capable of counsel, whose constancy shall be his refuge in trouble, will not bestow his affections on the flirt who has made and broken engagements with half of his acquaintances, or who has deliberately beguiled young men on to a proposal, so that she might have the satisfaction of saying, "No."

Whatever tends to decrease marriages or destroy respect for the marriage relation is much to be deprecated. Addison says: "There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers than the gaiety and airiness of

temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should therefore be the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity." Now, is there anything which so perverts sprightliness to levity as this pretense of love-making, this shamming of emotions which should be sacred, and this acceping of particular attentions from almost strangers?

Says Ik Marvel: "When I marry a flirt, I will buy second-hand clothes of the Jews." Still, there is a distinction between coquetry and flirting. Your true flirt has a coarse-grained soul, well modulated and tutored, but there is no fineness in it. All its native fineness is coarse by coarse efforts of will. True feeling is a rustic vulgarity which the flirt does not tolerate. Naturalness she copies and she scorns. She is always gay because she has no depth of feeling to be stirred. A thrill she does not know. A passion she cannot imagine. Joy is a name, and grief another name. Life with its crowding scenes of love and bitterness is but a play upon a stage.

"NOT YET."

MRS. L. L. PICKETT.

When Christian workers press upon young men and women the importance of yielding themselves to God, how often comes the response, "O, yes, I mean to be a Christian some day, but not yet. I want to have a good time first." These words, it seems, have often sealed the doom eternal of the thoughtless speaker. With a burning desire to warn against this delusive "good time," suggested by the great enemy of souls, we give below two incidents that have come under our ministry:

1. In the little town of W., lived a handsome young man of perhaps eighteen years. We coveted him for God. He always seemed so cheery, so kind-hearted. We talked many times with him concerning the salvation of his soul. He ever listened with great respect, and assuring us of his appreciation, would smilingly say, "O yes, I will be a Christian before long, but not yet." In a few weeks after our last talk with him, came this word: "H. has been taken to the hospital for a surgical operation." Another day or two and this word: "H. is dead. He never rallied after the operation." Poor, deceived boy; Satan made him believe he had plenty of time in which to prepare to meet his God, and thus led him blindfolded to eternal ruin.

2. In our mission work in a distant city, we were

associated with a bright, beautiful girl, who was a type-setter in the printing office connected with our work. Fair of face, sweet-spirited, jovial, efficient in her work, she was a general favorite. Her parents were dead, but to her aunt and uncle, with whom she made her home, she was very dear. Their income was small, and she seemed only too glad to add her weekly earnings to help them. She had never been converted. We often pressed upon her the necessity of a new heart. Laughingly she would say, "Do let me have a little fun. When I get old I will settle down and be a real good Christian. I wouldn't die a sinner for anything."

She at last grew restless under our entreaties and left our office for that of a down-town daily, where she would be free to chase the butterflies of fashion and folly. We seldom saw her after this, but soon heard she was growing reckless, and was keeping questionable company. A wiley Col. (?), reputed to be a millionaire, appeared upon the scene. She felt flattered by his attentions, and, despite the warnings of those who read character more deeply than she, looked forward to that day when she would be his bride. Girls! girls! heed the warnings of older heads! Had this dear one done so, there would have been a different sequel to this sad story. One day a note came from her; it read thus:

"Dear Mrs. Pickett: Please have this prescription filled for me; I am sick and out of money.

Your little friend, C."

I sent the prescription to our druggist to be filled, and the message to her that I would come to see her.

She had left her home for the same reasons she had left our office. I found her in a cheap boarding-house, very sick. I tried to point her to Jesus, but with sobbing voice she would only say, "My sins rise up before me like a mountain; I can't see Jesus. O, if I had only heeded your advice, I would not be here. It is no use now; too late, too late." And she would tighten her grasp on my hand and plead, "Don't leave me; don't leave me; it is so dark when you are gone." Many duties made it necessary that I should go; but I left her with a promise to return the next day. For a week I visited her thus, and realized she was going unsaved to an early grave.

The morning after my last visit to her came the words, "C. is dead." The watchers by her bedside said it was a night of horror. Her screams of "Lost! lost!" were heart-rending. Thus ended a life which in the beginning was filled with promise. Yet this was not all. A post-mortem examination, a law-suit—the Colonel (?), who wrought her ruin, convicted and sent to the State penitentiary. His hand had given the dose that caused her death, hoping thus to cover his wickedness and her shame. Her only legacy to mourning friends was a blighted life—a sullied name.

SALVATION OF CHILDREN.

There are many who believe that children cannot be Christians. This is a grievous blunder. Every boy and girl who is old enough to read this book should be an earnest Christian. The fact is, there are but two sides to the question—sin and salvation. Any boy or girl who is old enough to sin is old enough to serve God. When a child knows it is wrong to tell a lie, he sins by telling it. When he knows that swearing is wicked, he sins, if he profanes God's name. That boy, or girl, who knows disobedience to parents to be wrong, and yet is disobedient, thereby commits sin. We appeal first,

TO PARENTS.

Let every father and mother be Christians themselves. Deut. 6:4-9. How can one who has the responsibility of training children consent to live in sin? It is sad to see a father whose life is such that his child must reject his influence or be lost. Parents, do you love God? Do you search the Scriptures? Do you maintain the family altar? Do you counsel your children and point them to Christ? Do you pray for them, do you pray with them? We should have an object in life bigger than money-making. We should train our children for something better than the follies of fashion and the ways of the world. They should be early encouraged to give their hearts to God, and should be helped by every possible means in living a Christian

life. Our homes should be stocked with good literature and the children taught by precept and example, to read it. Homes should be made happy for them, and they should be kept from running the streets; they should be carefully guarded against such vices as swearing, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, impurity (boys as well as girls), smoking, chewing and kindred evils. But this is not enough. They must be taught to fear God, to reverence His sanctuary, to study His word, to obey His will. It must be made plain to them, that the heart is wicked and needs the blood of Jesus. O, that parents everywhere would run their homes for Jesus, would teach their children to love and fear God, to serve, reverence and obey Him; to be liberal with their money, and hospitable in their homes; to live for holiness and heaven.

TO THE CHILDREN.

Children, do you love Jesus? Do you pray to Him? Do you always bear in mind that He died for you, and that it is a hateful thing to sin against Him, a grievous, inexcusable thing? Jesus loves you and you should love Him. He suffered on the cross for you, you should gladly suffer reproach and hatred if necessary for him. You must pray, you must seek God, until you feel His Spirit in your heart, until you know that you are saved, as clearly as you know your name. We read in the words of the wise man, that we should remember our Creator "in the days of our youth," Ecc. 12:1. It was also through his pen that God said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Prov. 8:17. Jesus blessed the little children, and demanded that they be allowed to come unto Him, Matt. 18:1-6. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child and we, as well as he, may find that they are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus. 2 Tim. 3:15. Jesus was a boy and he was good, He was holy. He knew what the temptations and trials of boyhood are, for He suffered under temptation, Heb. 2:18. He sympathizes with every heart-ache of childhood, and loves every boy and girl and wants their love in return. Do you love Him as truly and really as you love your father and mother? Do you seek to please Him in all you do? You must give Him your heart and serve Him gladly every day? If other boys and girls entice you to sin, refuse to engage with them in anything that is wrong; remember the Judgment is coming, and we will meet the record of our lives there. May God bless, save, sanctify, guide and keep unto eternal life every boy and girl, with every older person, who reads these pages. I write these lines as your friend and brother, as one who loves God and loves you.

L. L. PICKETT.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.
We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.
We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

TOT.

ADA M. MELVILLE.

Self Sacrifice.

I am an old man now. My hair is white. My steps are very slow and uncertain. But for Tot, I might have been dead years ago.

I lived at Tot's home. Her father was my brother. I think Tot loved me almost as well as she loved her mother. And I loved her more than any one in the world except my mother. She always called me, "dear old Uncle Jarvis," though I was really young, not very long past my teens.

One day I was sitting at my table writing a letter to mother, when I heard a well-known stamp, stamp, stamping up the stairs, along the hall, to my door.

"Uncle Jarvis, dear old Uncle Jarvis."

"Dear old niece, Tot," I called back.

"Might I tum in?"

"No, darling."

"Oh, why not? Isn't you real well to-day?"

"Quite well, Tot."

"Zen, why?"

"Uncle can't have you now, pet."

'Oh, dear! I'm just awfully sorry?"

"Good-bye, pet."

"Good-bye, dear old Uncle Jarvis!"

The baby feet stamped half-way down the hall, then back to the door.

"Uncle Jarvis!"

"Well, niece Tot?"

"Are you certainly sure?"

"Certainly sure. Good-bye!"

It was a fashion we two had of always bidding each other good-bye, on however slight an occasion.

When the little one had gone away, I lifted a glass that stood beside me to my lips. But the contents of the glass did not taste quite so well as a few minutes before. You see, I had fallen into the habit of drinking, now and again, a glass of brandy and water as I sat alone in my room. I used to get tired, nervous and cold, over my writing, and thought the stimulant would do me no harm. However, I did not want Tot to see me drinking it. She would ask so many questions; would probably tease for some; and most assuredly, brandy was not good for baby lips, whatever it might be for mine.

Some months after that day, I was sitting in my room as usual, with the inevitable brandy at my hand. I was not writing, I was thinking. That morning my brother, who was a physician, had said to me, "Jarvis, unless you stop drinking at once, you will bring on that for which I dare not hope there will be any remedy. You are working hard,and ruining yourself by this poison,besides. Hear your brother, put the evil aside like a man."

I turned on him and said roughly, "I am a man, not a child to be ordered about by you. I shall do as I please in everything."

"Then God help you, my brother, for your days are numbered."

I was thinking over this last startling statement when I felt, suddenly, a little soft cheek cuddled up by mine.

"Dear old Uncle Jarvis!"

"Run away, child; don't you see how busy I am?" pointing to the books and papers I had not touched for hours.

"Yes, I see. I'm going to stay."

"No, you cannot. Go down to mother."

"Fank you, Uncle Jarvis, but I 'spect I just won't! I's goin' to crawl up on the bed, and play Babes in the wood. When you is froo being busy I guess you can take off the leaves and found me."

So she clambered on to the bed, covered herself with a big newspaper, and was soon fast asleep. Glad she had not noticed the brandy, I swallowed it hurriedly, put away the glass and, feling very much exhausted, threw myself down beside Tot and fell asleep.

It must have been in a very short time that I awoke and found my little niece looking at me very gravely, even sorrowfully. After a few minutes she said, "Dear Uncle Jarvis! You had awfully bad dreams."

"How do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, you were so 'fraid; and you talked 'bout papa; and you said, 'Don't tell Tot,' over and over. Won't you tell Tot?"

"It was only a dream, little one; you would not like it'.

"Well—," and the child paused, as if in deep thought, "you and papa said some old dream this morning, I guess. I heard you, cause I was playing house under the table."

"What did you hear?" I asked, more ashamed than I would have believed possible, to have this baby find me out.

"Well—" again that pause—"I don't 'zactly know —you said such big words—not the kind you say to Tot! But it sounded angry, what you said, but papa spoke sorry, like when I'm naughty, only heaps sorrier, I thought. You aren't cross, are you, dear old Uncle Jarvis?

"No, baby; never cross with you, What did you think?"

"I thought papa wanted you to do something for him and you were naughty and wouldn't."

"Oh, Tot!" I groaned, clasping the little one in my arms, in a sudden burst of agony and remorse. I held her so for a minute, and then kissed the beautiful forehead and rosy lips. To my surprise the child started back, her fair face and neck crimsoning even to the roots of the golden hair. I was going to speak, when she threw herself down beside me, sobbing as if her heart were breaking. She would not let me touch her. Through the bitter crying, I heard these words: "Dear old—Uncle—Jar—vis!" in such a wail of real agony as cut me to the very soul. At last, afraid that she would make herself ill, I took her in my arms and carried her over to the window.

"Now, Tot, stop crying and tell Uncle Jarvis the trouble. It hurts him, when you cry this way."

Gradually she became quiet. I questioned her, and finally she told me the cause of her grief.

"Your breaf smells of whiskey."

You will wonder how such a baby could know what it was. I knew the source of her knowledge, but heard again that afternoon, the story from her sob-shaken, sad voice.

"Ben used to tum home nights—queer. When he kissed me, his breaf smelled like—smelled horrid! And zen once I never saw him again. Papa cried and mama cried. Zen papa told me poor Ben was dead, and that whiskey had killed him. Papa showed me some, and made me smell it, and zen we said we'd never, never, never touch it, 'cause it kills people. We prayed about it, too. When your breaf—oh, dear Uncle Jarvis!—"

The little head went down again, and I made no attempt to check the pure tears that fell for me, in my sin. She cried herself to sleep. I carried her down to her mother, and went back to my room resolving, for Tot's sake, to let drink alone, at least for awhile. I told her of my resolve, and she rejoiced over me with absolute faith in my word.

But alas! Strong temptation came; unlike my little niece, I had not "prayed about it," and so was conquered. Tot must not know this time. But again she found me out. I shall never forget the look of pain in those dark eyes when she found that she had believed in vain. But she only whispered in my ear, "Tot can help you—you musn't go away like Ben did."

A few days after, one bitter cold morning as I sat by the fire such a craving came over me for brandy that I was beside myself. Hurrying out, I soon returned with the fatal draught. Oh, why did no one stop me? Going up the stairs, I met Tot's mother. She spoke to me,

but I was not myself and made no reply. Before reaching my room I heard, as one in a dream, these words:

"Where are you, Tot? Run quick, dear, up to Uncle's room—perhaps he needs you."

And a silvery voice responded, "I'm coming! Dear Uncle Jarvis!"

I never even stopped to close the door of my room, or get a glass, but raising the flask to my lips drank a deep draught of pure brandy. As I put the flask on the table Tot came running in.

I knew she was there, but felt so strangely I hardly noticed her. I dropped into a chair near the fire,— it was an open grate, filled with glowing coals—and the child perched on my knee. She chattered away about her dolls and kitties, about a dozen things dear to baby-hearts. I listened all the while as if to voices in a dream. But the words grew fainter and fainter. What was happening? I never felt her leave my knee, but there she was, miles away from me, holding a flask in her hand and walking towards an awful gulf of fire in the distance. My feet were leaded weights—my hands were bound—my tongue speechless—would no one save my darling? She seemed to stop and turn towards me, with her face a glory of light. I tried to speak, but no words came. She turned again to that roaring furnace and held out the flask—O, God! my precious one was in flames! The spell was broken. I sprang to my feet, shouting for help—snatched the little form in my arms, battling with the flames, and then—darkness fell on everything.

When I recovered consciousness I learned the sad

story. Tot thought I was asleep, so slipping off my knee, she took the brandy flask from the table, and thinking only that she was helping Uncle Jarvis in his need, knowing no danger to herself, had leaned over the grate and poured over a pint of brandy upon the blazing coals. She must have spilled it or gone very near the fire, for in that brief second, it seemed to me, not an inch of the precious body was free from flame.

"Can I see her?" I asked.

"Not now."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, perhaps."

"Is she suffering much?"

"No. The terrible pain is over."

"Tell her Uncle Jarvis will never, never—"

"Do not talk any more now. You must rest."

The next day my brother came to me. I asked for Tot.

"Jarvis, my boy, she cannot speak to you."

"Is she so ill? Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

"Even as I hope to be forgiven, my brother. Are you very strong, Jarvis?"

"I can bear anything—only let me see my darling."

"Come, then, and God help you."

"Leaning on his arm, I went into the little room, strangely dark. Some one moved the curtain.

"Oh, Tot! Oh, God forgive me! I have killed her!"

Yes, she was dead. They told me she could not have suffered any pain, having died from suffocation, almost as soon as the fire had flashed into her face.

She died in saving me.

As I stood there by the little one, whose sweet voice would never again call for "Dear old Uncle Jarvis," my brother told me that about ten minutes before she had come to me that morning, she had gone to him in the surgery and had said, "Papa, won't you help me pray for Uncle?" Her father did not understand that she meant then and there, but had said he would always help by praying, too.

"But I mean *now,* papa!"

So, taking her up in his arms, he "helped her to pray." After the "Amen," she said, "Oh, please, dear God, we mean it *all.* Tot will do *anything* for Uncle!"

And then the little one had gone straight from that prayer to answer the call of her mother for me. You know the rest.

Uncle Jarvis gave his life from that hour to saving those who are under bonds to the demon, drink.

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged two and four, were. She answered: 'They are sitting on the doorstep talking about old times."

Willie (as sister reaches for the larger apple)—Now, sis, don't be greedy!

Mr. Le Sage had a new patent damper in his stove-pipe, and was explaining to a friend that it saved half the wood. Little Willy (who had studied fractions)—Oh, pa, buy another one and save all of it!

OUR FUTURE KING—THE BABY.

Buried under waves of fleeces,
  Like a hidden ocean spring,
Striving hard to reach the surface,
  Lies a chafing future king.

While awake he captures Mama
  By maneuvers, sweet and coy;
When asleep she crowns the victor
  With a royal kiss of joy.

Though our future king's a tyrant—
  Often gives us keenest pain—
At his chubby feet we gladly
  Lay the keys of heart's domain.

—*W. K. Staley, in "Air Castles."*

A DIVINE HUNGER FOR GROWTH.

Whenever you see a youth yearning for more education, for a fuller life; when you see him devoting every spare moment to acquiring information which may help him in his business or occupation, or enlarge his mental horizon; when you see him cheerful and prompt, always trying to do everything he touches to a finish, you may be very certain that that boy will succeed.

DEBT.

BY JNO. PLOUGHMAN—CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

When I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home. What then was John to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts and tops and cakes and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would, therefore, go into debt for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas.

I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and *I was in debt.* It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it.

How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it! He was a sensible man, and none of your children-spoilers. He did not intend to bring up his children to speculate, and

play at what big rogues call financing, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family into disgrace. It was a lecture indeed. I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it.

Then I was marched off to the shop like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart vow and declare that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again.

It was a fine lesson, and I have never forgotten it. If all boys were inoculated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them, and save them wagonloads of trouble in after life. God bless my father, say I, and send a breed of such fathers into old England to save her from being eaten up with villainy, for what with companies and schemes and paper money the nation is getting to be as rotton as touchwood.

Ever since that early sickening I have hated debt as Luther hated the Pope, and if I say some fierce things about it you must not wonder. To keep debt, dirt and

the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish ever since I set up house-keeping; and although the last of the three has sometimes got in by the door or the window (for the old serpent will wriggle through the smallest crack), yet, thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing brushes the two others have not crossed the threshold.

Debt is so degrading that if I owed a man a penny I would walk twenty miles, in the depth of winter, to pay him, sooner than feel that I was under an obligation. I should be as comfortable with peas in my shoes, or a hedgehog in my bed, or a snake up my back, as with bills hanging over my head at the grocer's and the baker's and the tailor's. Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smokey house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life. We may be poor, and yet respectable, which John Ploughman and wife hope they are and will be; but a man in debt can not even respect himself, and he is sure to be talked about by the neighbors, and that talk will not be much to his credit. Some persons appear to like to be owing money; but I would as soon be a cat up a chimney with the fire alight, or a fox with the hounds at my heels, or a hedgehog on a pitchfork, or a mouse under an owl's claw. An honest man thinks a purse full of other people's money to be worse than an empty one. He can not bear to eat other people's cheese, wear other people's shirts and walk about in other people's shoes; neither will he be easy while his wife is decked out in the milliner's bonnets and wears the draper's flannels. The jackdaw in the peacock's

feathers was soon plucked, and borrowers will surely come to poverty—a poverty of the bitterest sort, because there is shame in it.

Living beyond their income is the ruin of many of my neighbors. They can hardly afford to keep a rabbit, and must needs drive a pony and chaise. I am afraid extravagance is the common disease of the times, and many professing Christians have caught it, to their shame and sorrow. Good cotton or stuff gowns are not good enough nowadays. Girls must have silks and satins, and then there's a bill at the dressmaker's as long as a winter's night, and quite as dismal. Show and style and smartness run away with a man's means, keep the family poor, and the father's nose down to the grindstone. Frogs try to look as big as bulls, and burst themselves. A pound a week apes five hundred a year, and comes to the county court. Men burn the candle at both ends, and then say they are very unfortunate. Why don't they put the saddle on the right horse, and say they are extravagant?

Economy is half the battle in life. It is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well. Hundreds would never have known *want* if they had not first known *waste.*

If all poor men's wives knew how to cook, how far a little might go! Our minister says the French and the Germans beat us hollow in nice, cheap cookery. I wish they would send missionaries over to convert our gossiping women into good managers. This is a French fashion which would be a deal more useful than those fine pictures in Mrs. Flippery's window, with ladies

rigged out in a new style every month. Dear me! some people are much too fine nowadays to eat what their fathers were thankful to see on the table, and so they please their palates with costly feeding, come to the workhouse, and expect everybody to pity them. They turned up their noses at bread and butter, and came to eat raw turnips stolen out of the fields.

They who live like fighting cocks at other men's costs, will get their combs cut, or perhaps get roasted for it one of these days. If you have a great store of peas, you may put the more in the soup; but everybody should fare according to his earnings. He is both a fool and a knave who has a shilling coming in, and on the strength of it spends a pound which does not belong to him. Cut your coat according to your cloth is sound advice; but cutting other people's cloth by running into debt is as like thieving as fourpence is like a groat. If I meant to be a rogue I would deal in marine stores or be a pettifogging lawyer, or open a loan office, or go out picking pockets; but I would scorn the dirty art of getting into debt without a prospect of being able to pay.

Debtors can hardly help being liars, for they promise to pay when they know they cannot, and when they have made up a lot of false excuses they promise again, and so they lie as fast as a horse can trot.

"You have debts, and make debts still,
If you've not lied, lie you will."

Now if owing leads to lying, who shall say that it is not a most evil thing? Of course, there are exceptions, and I do not want to bear hard upon an honest man who is brought down by sickness or heavy losses; but take

the rule as a rule, and you will find debt to be a great dismal swamp, a huge mud-hole, a dirty ditch. Happy is the man who gets out of it after once tumbling in, but happiest of all is he who has been by God's goodness kept out of the mire altogether. If you once ask the devil to dinner it will be hard to get him out of the house again: better to have nothing to do with him. Where a hen has laid one egg she is likely to lay another; when a man is once in debt, he is likely to get into it again; better keep clear of it from the first. He who gets in for a penny will soon be in for a pound, and when a man is over shoes, he is very liable to be over boots. Never owe a farthing, and you will never owe a guinea.

If you want to sleep soundly buy a bed of a man who is in debt. Surely it must be a very soft one, or he never could have rested so easy on it.

I suppose people get hardened to it, as Smith's donkey did when its master broke so many sticks across its back. It seems to me that a real honest man would sooner get as lean as a greyhound than feast on borrowed money, and would choke up his throat with March dust before he would let the landlord make chalks against him behind the door for a beer score. What pins and needles tradesmen's bills must stick in a fellow's soul! A pig on credit always grunts. Without debt, without care; out of debt, out of danger; but owing and borrowing are bramble-bushes full of thorns. If ever I borrow a spade of my next-door neighbor I never feel safe with it; I never can dig in peace as I do with my own; but if I had a spade at the shop and

knew I could not pay for it, I think I should set to and dig my own grave out of shame.

Scripture says, "Owe no man anything," which does not mean pay your debts, but never have any to pay; and my opinion is that those who willfully break this law ought to be turned out of the Christian church, neck and crop, as we say. Our laws are shamefully full of encouragement to credit. Nobody need be a thief now. He has only to open a shop and make a fail of it, and it will pay him much better; as the proverb is, "He who never fails will never grow rich." Why, I know tradesmen who have failed five or six times, and yet think they are on the road to heaven. The scoundrels, what would they do if they got there? They are a deal more likely to go where they shall never come out till they have paid the uttermost farthing.

But people say, "How liberal they are!"

Yes, with other people's money. I hate to see a man steal a goose and then give religion the giblets. Piety, by all means, but pay your way as part of it. Honesty first, and then generosity.

But how often religion is a cloak for deceiving! There's Mrs. Scamp as fine as a peacock, all the girls out at boarding-school, learning French and the piano, the boys swelling about in kid gloves, and G. B. Scamp, Esq., driving a fast-trotting mare, and taking the chair at public meetings, while his poor creditors cannot get more than enough to live from hand to mouth. It is shameful and beyond endurance to see how genteel swindling is winked at by many in this country. I'd off with their white waistcoats and kid gloves and patent

leather boots, if I had my way, and give them the country crop and the prison livery for six months. Gentlemen or not, I'd let them see that big rogues could dance on the treadmill to the same tune as little ones. I'd make the land too hot to hold such scamping gentry if I were a member of Parliament or a prime minister. As I've no such power, I can at least write against the fellows, and let off the steam of my wrath in that way.

My motto is, pay as you go, and keep from small scores. Short reckonings are soon cleared. Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know. Let the clock tick, but no *"tick"* for me. Better go to bed without your supper than get up in debt. Sins and debts are always more than we think them to be. Little by little a man gets over head and ears. It is the petty expenses that empty the purse. Money is round and rolls away easily.

Tom Thriftless buys what he does not want because it is a great bargain, and so is soon brought to sell what he does want, and finds it a very little bargain. He cannot say "No" to his friend who wants him to be security. He gives grand dinners, makes many holidays, keeps a fat table, lets his wife dress fine, never looks after his servants; and by-and-by he is quite surprised to find that quarter days come round so very fast, and that creditors bark so loud. He has sowed his money in the fields of thoughtlessness, and now he wonders that he has to reap the harvest of poverty. Still he hopes for something to turn up to help him out of difficulty, and so muddles himself into more trouble, forgetting that hope and expectation are a fool's income. Being hard

up, he goes to market with empty pockets, and buys at whatever prices tradesmen like to charge him, and so he pays more than double, and gets deeper and deeper into the mire. This leads him to scheming, and trying little tricks and mean dodges, for it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

This is sure not to answer, for schemes are like spider's webs, which never catch anything better than flies, and are soon swept away. As well attempt to mend your shoes with brown paper, or stop a broken window with a sheet of ice, as try to patch up a falling business with maneuvering and scheming. When the schemer is found out, he is like a dog in church, whom everybody kicks at, and like a barrel of powder which nobody wants for a neighbor.

They say poverty is a sixth sense. It had need be, for many debtors seem to have lost the other five, or were born without common sense. They appear to fancy that you not only make debts, but pay them by borrowing. A man pays Peter with what he has borrowed of Paul, and thinks he is getting out of his difficulties, when he is only putting one foot into the mud to pull his other foot out. It is hard to shave an egg, or to pull hairs out of a bald pate, but they are both easier than paying debts out of an empty pocket. Samson was a strong man, but he could not pay debts without money, and he is a fool who thinks he can do it by scheming.

A man must cut down his outgoings and save his incomings if he wants to clear himself; you can't spend your penny and pay debts with it too. Stint the kitchen if the purse is bare. Don't believe in any way of wiping

out debts except by paying hard cash. Promises make debts, and debts make promises, but promises never pay debts; promising is one thing and performing is quite another. A good man's word should be as binding as an oath, and he should never promise to pay unless he has a clear prospect of doing so in due time. Those who stave off payment by false promises deserve no mercy. It is all very well to say, "I'm very sorry," but —

"A hundred years of regret
Pay not a farthing of debt."

Now I'm afraid all this sound advice might as well have been given to my master's cocks and hens as to those who have got into the way of spending what is not their own, for advice to such people goes in at one ear and out at the other. Well, those who won't listen will have to feel, and those who refuse cheap advice will have to buy dear repentance. But to young people beginning life a word may be worth a world, and this shall be John Ploughman's short sermon, with three heads to it—always live a little below your means, never get into debt, and remember—

"He who goes a borrowing.
Goes a sorrowing."

[From Jno. Ploughman's Talks. 30c net. This office.]

"I'm most dead! It is as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt!"

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the prespiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" inquired his father.

"I went over to Briggs' corner and back by the bridge."

"That is a little less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I don't suppose, if I'd take it moderate; but I ran like lightning, and got heated up."

"You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir; just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father, but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here to-night to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew reluctantly.

"Whom did you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware that such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy and Tim told me they'd be round after

school; and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came, too; that's all."

"The population of the town is 5,000, and you expect three persons; well, as you are very sick, I am glad no more are coming. You couldn't play with them at all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet; "who says I'm sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said that you was almost dead; doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running, you bet. There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them! Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep-dog, and Rush's store-dog, and two or three more, and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"There looked to be fifty, anyway," answered Andrew, somewhat impatiently. "Carter's ten-acre lot was full of dogs just making for me; and I guess you'd thought there was fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousand: have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know of no better

way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration, than to tell the children of the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line, expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home you were nearly dead!"

"Please don't, father; the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death; and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methuselah!"

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not; but hope, rather, that it will set them to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit in which you indulge every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales."

BRAY'S ENEMY.

"Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you."

"At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter."

"He won't come, sir; says he is awfully busy, and hasn't got time."

"How big is he?"

"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," answered the boy, stoutly; "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No, sir; I telled you."

"Ah, that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head he scornfully rejected it. "That 'ud be paying me for telling a lie," he said indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money there is in the world."

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he, "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times

his size, but he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents and take you into my service. Meantime, Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning countryman."—*Sunbeam.*

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

As one who stands at evening by the ocean's lonely shore
May hear the voice of Memory above the breakers' roar,
So calm and clear and beautiful as bells for curfew rung,
I hear above life's surge and flow, the songs my mother sung.

I've sought the light of Fortune's smile in many a distant bourne,
Found many a fount of gladness. learned what it means to mourn;
And many are the voices, mild with love, or harsh with strife,
Whose tones for me have mingled in the symphony of life.

A moment's retrospection, and all these to calm subside,
And from the land of Childhood, far across Time's restless tide,
The veil of mist is lifted which the years between have hung,
And looking back, I hear again the songs my mother sung.

I'm a child again, the twilight steals across the upland farm,
And homeward from my play I come through evening's mellow charm;
The crickets and the katydids are singing through the dew,
And one pure star buds into light in heaven's liquid blue.

I toss my cap upon the floor, and mother's hand, so fair,
Draws to her heart the little lad and smooths his tumbled hair;
She smiles to feel the chubby arms so loving round her flung,
And hark!—I hear them rising now, the songs my mother sung.

And when the simple prayers were said, and down to sleep I lay,
She bent and kissed me, and that kiss is on my brow to-day;
I fancied round her fair white face the very darkness smiled
(She ever wore an angel-look when she was with her child).

And softly from the distant woods I heard the whippoorwill,
But in that dear and hallowed hour her voice was softer still:
Sweet breezes stirred the window where the honey-suckle clung,

But dreamland caught its music from the songs my
mother sung.

There was no voice more wonderful, for love was all its
tone,
And love hath never heard a tongue more beauteous
than its own;
And where the proud world fails to win our homage
with its art,
Love's simple song unchallenged takes the fortress of
the heart.

What wonder that when life is hard I smile back
through my tears
As I hear those holy echoes haunt the hushes of the
years!—
What wonder when Care's stormy bells against my calm
are swung
The Past speaks comfort to my heart in the songs my
mother sung.

Oh sacred bond that through all time in blessedness
remains!—
A voice hath bound me to the Past by Music's viewless
chains;
For where Love links its golden words between the
heart and home
There is a charm that holds the thought, howe'er the
feet may roam;

So, fondly from my toil and care my heart will back-
ward turn,

And I shall be a child again, and for God's altars yearn,
Whenever that sweet angelus across life's sea is rung,
That music out of Childhood's heav'n—the songs my mother sung.

—*Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.*

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov. 16:18.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shalt give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psa. 37:3-5.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.—Prov. 23:29-31.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.—Eph. 6:1-3.

THE PALACE OF DALLIANCE.

MARGUERITE BROOKS.

A mountain peak, covered with the brooding mist of coming dawn, rises majestically in the still air. The pallid outline of the moon, as she reluctantly retires from her realm, is yet dimly seen. The song of the morning star begins to faint in the sky. Masses of purple, and crimson, and gold, hang a curtain before the face of day. The expectant hush that precedes the awakening of nature envelops all things.

In the valley, far beneath, a godlike youth, fair as the morning, clad in burnished armor, and mounted on a milk-white steed, strains his eager gaze toward the mountain top. Shod with lightning seem the feet of the steed, so swiftly does he carry his rider forward. Yet he can not keep pace with the impatience of the impetuous youth, whose spirit rises with every step that draws him nearer to his goal.

The mist rolls away. The curtain of purple and crimson and gold is rent asunder by the flaming god of day. The night dews sparkle and scintillate on the beds of velvet green. The birds twitter and hop from branch to branch, and then burst into a triumphant chorus of song. Nature is awake, rejoicing in the lusty strength of the glad young day. The traveler toward the mountain top joins in the pæan.

The procession of the hours advances toward noon.

The sun is oppressively hot. Languor begins to creep upon the youth. He sighs as he looks upward to the sharp mountain peak, which seems to cut the blue empyrean. He is not yet halfway up. The distance looks greater than it did in the rosy light of morning. His weight presses so heavily on his steed that the animal's pace insensibly slackens.

Suddenly a strain of music, the like of which he never before heard, falls upon the ear of the traveler. Wonderingly he turns his eyes in the direction from which the ravishing sounds proceed. To the left, halfway up the height, he sees, gleaming through an opening in the trees, the stately white walls of a marble palace. How came it there? Who is the owner? How cool and refreshing it looks, embowered in the green shade! How delightful it would be to dismount and pass the languorous noontide within this cool retreat! But the king, who sent him forth to scale the mountain, bade him not tarry on the way, which he warned him was full of hidden dangers. No, he would not turn aside from his path; no matter what the temptation.

Onward he toiled. Fiercer and fiercer grew the heat. The gourd at his back was dry. Why should he not turn aside and slake his thirst at the fountains which play within the courtyard of the palace? There surely could be no danger in that? A little rest and refreshment would renew his strength for the upward journey. Nearer and nearer came the strains of music. How delicious, how soothing it was! He was so near the palace, but a little detour to the left would take him to the gates. He

could already hear the splash of the water, as it dashed itself in feathery spray into the marble basin.

Ah, he was at the gates! They stood ajar. How enchanting! The rhythmical plash of the fountains, the perfume of the flowers that bloomed on every side, the witchery of the music, steeped his senses in a trance of delight.

He slid from his milk-white steed. He was drawn within the inviting gates. From the open door of the palace, a maiden of voluptuous beauty, clad in loose flowing robes, advanced to meet him. With a welcoming smile she took the youth's hand in hers, and led him into a lofty hall, where tall, graceful ferns, and ornamental palms, and the play of fountains cooled the heavily perfumed air. Lying on couches and divans, in attitudes of luxurious repose, lay men and women, sipping, from silver and golden goblets, draughts which steeped their senses in happy forgetfulness of the cares that torment and bless the day. The siren led the seeker after ease to a vacant couch, and, putting a flowing goblet in his hand, in caressing tones, bade him drink. A drowsiness stole upon him, his limbs relaxed, his eyelids drooped. Fainter and fainter grew the vision of the mountain top. No lofty peaks raised their frowning heights in the fair Elysium into which he wandered.

* * * * *

The heat of the day is past. The mountain peak, clear-cut against the glory of the setting sun, casts giant shadows into the valley below. Its rugged grandeur is untouched by time. It seems but yesterday since it

beckoned to the eager young knight on the snow-white charger.

Where is he?

Out of the grove on the left, with unsteady, shambling gait, comes a travel-soiled, broken-down steed. From the head of his pale, emaciated rider, the battered helmet has fallen, exposing the few scattered gray locks which Time has spared. His dented, rusty armor clanks with every fearful move, as he tries to urge his worn-out steed further and further from the blackened walls of the dungeon in which his youth lies buried. The laughter of mocking fiends pursues him, as he stumbles downward. Hideous, grinning faces peer at him from the loopholes, as he turns his faded eyes toward the transformed palace, which so lately rang with the revelry of the lotus-eaters. Onward he goes in the gathering gloom. The shadows enfold him. A voice rings in his ears. It rumbles through the hills. The echoes fling back: "'The wages of sin is death!' 'The wages of sin is death!'"

"No," said the little boy who didn't want to go to school, "I ain't exactly sick, mamma, but my teeth itch dreadfully."

Little Sadie (who had been told she must thank God for everything, whether it seemed good or not)—Thank God again, mamma, I've broken your rose jar.

THE BOY WHO WORKED WITHOUT REGARD TO HOURS.

J. L. HARBOUR.

It was my privilege, a few weeks ago, to be helpful in securing a situation for a boy of about fifteen years, in the office of a friend. I met my friend yesterday and said to him:—

"How is that boy doing?"

"O, very well indeed," was the reply. "He is inexperienced, but he is so willing to learn, and to do anything I ask him to do, that I am sure he is going to be very satisfactory. I have never before had a boy who was so willing to do anything and everything without complaining that it was not 'his place' to do this, or that, or the other thing. I think that I shall raise the wages of your young friend in a few weeks, if he holds out as well as he has begun."

I believe that he will "hold out." I have confidence that he is just that kind of boy, and I wish that there were more boys like him. I am convinced that the failure of many boys to rise to better positions is because they are not willing to do things that their employers have a perfect right to ask them to do. I know of a boy who was employed by a very wealthy and most thoughtful and generous man, as his office boy. It was his duty to respond to the bell of his employer, every time it rang, and to go hither and thither as he might be directed. One day this boy was sitting at his desk, doing

nothing. His employer had not yet arrived, and would not arrive for an hour. Presently, the business manager of the establishment stepped over to the boy's desk and said:

Robert, Mr. H— will not be in for an hour yet, and, as you have nothing to do, I wonder if you would be willing to go down to S— Street and do an errand for me?"

The boy looked out of the window and said:

"It's raining, and I don't want to go way down to S— Street, when it isn't my business to go on errands for anybody but Mr. H—."

"Very well, Robert; you need not go." Then, turning to another boy, whose duty it was to fold and direct envelopes, the business manager said:—

"Horace, would you be willing to put aside your work and carry this note down to S— Street for me? It is about a business matter of importance to the firm, and should be attended to without delay.

"O, I'll be glad to go," replied Horace, promptly.

Now, which of those boys, think you, is more likely to be advanced in that office.

I know without guessing. You know that Horace had the interests of his employer far more at heart than Robert, and the boy who does not have the interest of his employer at heart is never likely to advance much in any position.

I know of a boy, of but thirteen years of age, who was employed in an office in which there was another boy of about fifteen years of age. It was the duty of the two boys to sweep out the office and put everything

to rights before they went home at night. There were four or five rooms in the office suite; but, as all the other employees left at five o'clock, the boys could tidy up the office and start for home by six o'clock. One night, when it was raining in torrents, the boys were ready to start home, when a messenger boy came to the office with a telegram. Harry, the younger boy, receipted for it, and looked at the envelope reflectively, while he said:

"This may be something of special importance to Mr. Howard."

"Well, what if it is?" said Joe, the older boy.

"Then he ought to have it said Harry, decidedly.

"Let him get it the best way he can, then. It isn't your place to run around delivering telegrams."

"I know that it is not, but I would not like to have this telegram wait until morning if it is something that Mr. Howard ought to have to-night."

"O, nonsense! There are a dozen telegrams a day comes to this office, and half of them don't amount to anything. Come on; let's go home, or we won't get our supper in time to go to that jollification the boys of our social league are going to have to-night. Get your hat."

Harry hesitated, with the telegram still in his hands. Suddenly he said, with decision:

"You go on without me. I am going to take this telegram around to Mr. Howard's house."

"What! Are you going to trail way out to his house in this pouring rain? He lives half a mile from the end of the car track, and you can't go out to where he

lives, and back to your house, in such a dark, rainy night in less than two hours."

"I am going all the same," said Harry, firmly.

"You'll miss our affair to-night, and you know that there is to be a spread."

"Perhaps I can get around in time for that. But I am going to see that Mr. Howard gets this telegram, spread or no spread."

Joe shrugged his shoulders and said, contemptously:

"Well, you are more of a softy than I thought that you were. Catch me chasing around in the rain with an old telegram, even if I knew that it was important. I'm not hired to deliver telegrams."

Harry, dripping wet, and with his last cent spent for car fare, reached Mr. Howard's house only to find that that gentleman had gone to a dinner party two miles distant; but Harry was a boy of pluck, and, when he set out to do a thing, he did it. Securing the address of the friend with whom Mr. Howard was dining, Harry set off on foot for the house and reached it looking like a drowned rat. Mr. Howard was in the drawing room of his friend's house, with the other guests, when his host came up to him and said:

"One of the maids says that there is a boy at the door with a message for you."

A moment later, Mr. Howard was standing in the vestibule of the house, and Harry was saying:

"This telegram came to the office after you had gone, sir, and I thought that it might be something you would like to know about to-night, so I brought it to you."

"Well, you are a good boy, whether the message is important or not," said Mr. Howard, as he tore open the envelope containing the telegram. The next moment he said:

"Thank you for bringing me this. It is of the utmost importance, and an answer must be sent to-night. Had the reply been delayed until morning, it might have meant many thousands of dollars to me. You certainly will not lose anything by serving my interests so faithfully, Harry. How wet you are! And you didn't have even an umbrella to protect you from the storm. I will order my carriage, and, if you will ride to the nearest telegraph office with the reply I will give you to this telegram, the coachman shall take you home afterwards. I shall not forget what you have done for me to-night."

The last I heard of Joe, he was a sort of roustabout in a market, with a salary of five dollars a week. The last I heard of Harry, he had been advanced by Mr. Howard to a salary of twenty dollars a week. It pays to be willing to serve.—*From "Success."*

A little boy expressed a wish that he were built like a hencoop, out of laths, so the breeze could blow right through him.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday, being accosted by the priest: "Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, Father."

TO THE IDLE.

It is of no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; and as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a grey-hound. Yet, as The Old Book tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters," we will cast a hard crust or two upon these stagnant ponds; for there will be this comfort about it, if lazy fellows grow no better, we shall be none the worse for having warned them; for when we sow good sense, the basket gets none the emptier. We have a stiff bit of soil to plough when we chide with sluggards, and the crop will be of the smallest; but if none but good land were farmed, ploughmen would be out of work, so we'll put the plough into the furrow.

Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting, but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for raking. Nothing is needed to prove this but their name and their character. If they were not fools they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky. If I hit hard while speaking to them, it is because I know they can bear it; for if I had them down on the floor of the old barn, I might thresh many a day before I could get them out of the straw. Even the steam thresher could not do it, it would kill them first; for laziness is in some people's bones, and will show it-

self in their idle flesh, do what you will with them.

Well, then, first and foremost, it strikes me that lazy people ought to have a large looking-glass hung up, where they are bound to see themselves in it; for sure, if their eyes are at all like mine, they would never bear to look at themselves long or often.

The ugliest sight in the world is one of these thoroughbred loafers, who would hardly hold up his basin if it were to rain porridge; and for certain would never hold up a bigger pot than he wanted filled for himself. Perhaps, if the shower should turn to beer, he might wake up a bit; but he would make up for it afterwards. This is the slothful man in the Proverbs, who "hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth."

I say that men the like of this ought to be served like the drones which the bees drive out of the hives. Every man ought to have patience and pity for poverty; but for laziness a long whip; or a turn at the treadmill might be better. This would be healthy physic for all sluggards; but there is no chance of some of them getting their full dose of this medicine, for they were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and like spoons, they will scarce stir their own tea unless somebody lends them a hand. They are, as the old proverb says, "as lazy as Ludham's dog, that leaned his head against the wall to bark," and like lazy sheep, it is too much trouble for them to carry their own wool. If they could see themselves, it might by chance do them a world of good; but perhaps it would be too much trouble for

them to open their eyes even if the glass were hung for them.

Everything in the world is of some use; but it would puzzle a doctor of divinity, or a philosopher, or the wisest owl in our steeple, to tell the good of idleness. That seems to me to be an ill wind which blows nobody any good—a sort of mud which breeds no eels, a dirty ditch which would not feed a frog. Sift a sluggard grain by grain, and you'll find him all chaff.

I have heard men say "Better do nothing than do mischief," but I am not even sure of that. That saying glitters well, but I don't believe it's gold. I grudge laziness even that pinch of praise. I say it is bad, and bad altogether; for look ye, a man doing mischief is a sparrow picking the corn—but a lazy man is a sparrow sitting on a nest full of eggs, which will all turn to sparrows before long and do a world of hurt. Don't tell me, I'm sure of it, that the rankest weeds on earth don't grow in the minds of those who are busy at wickedness, but in foul corners of idle men's imaginations, where the devil can hide away unseen, like an old serpent as he is. I don't like our boys to be in mischief, but I would sooner see them up to their necks in the mud in their larks than sauntering about with nothing to do. If the evil of doing nothing seems to be less to-day, you will find it out to be greater to-morrow; the devil is putting coals on the fire, and so the fire does not blaze, but depend upon it, it will be a bigger fire in the end.

Idle people, you had need be your own trumpeters, for no one else can find any good in you to praise. I'd sooner see you through a telescope than anything else,

for I suppose you would then be a long way off; but the biggest pair of spectacles in the parish could not see anything in you worth talking about. Moles, and rats, and weasels, there is something to be said for, though there's a pretty sight of them nailed up on our old barn; but as for you—well, you'll be of use in the grave, and help to make a fat churchyard, but no better song can I sing in your favor than this verse, as the parish clerk said, "all of my own composing":

A good-for-nothing, lazy lout,
Wicked within and ragged without,
Who can bear to have him about?
Turn him out! Turn him out!

"As vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes," so is the sluggard to every man who is spending his sweat to earn an honest living, while these fellows let the grass grow up to their ankles, and stand cumbering the ground, as the Bible says.

A man who wastes his time and his strength in sloth offers himself to be a target for the devil, who is a wonderfully good rifleman, and will riddle the idler with his shots: in other words, idle men tempt the devil to tempt them. He who plays when he should work has an evil spirit to be his playmate; and he who neither works nor plays is a workshop for Satan. If the devil catch a man idle, he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages. Is not this where the drunkenness comes from which fills our towns and villages with misery?

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil. Fellows have two stomachs for eating and drinking

when they have no stomach for work. That little hole just under the nose swallows up in idle hours that money which should put clothes on the children's backs and bread on the cottage table. We have God's word for it that "the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty," and to show the connection between them, it is said in the same verse, "and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." I know it as well as I know that moss grows on old thatch, that drunken, loose habits grow out of lazy hours. I like leisure when I can get it, but that's quite another thing; that's cheese and the other is chalk. Idle folks never know what leisure means; they are always in a hurry and a mess, and by neglecting to work in the proper time, they always have a lot to do.

Lolling about hour after hour, with nothing to do, is just making holes in the hedges to let the pigs through, and they will come through and no mistake, and the rooting they will do nobody knows but those who have to look after the garden. The Lord Jesus tells us Himself that when men slept the enemy sowed the tares. That hits the nail on the head, for it is by the door of sluggishness that evil enters the heart more often, it seems to me, than by any other. Our old minister used to say, "A sluggard is fine raw material for the devil; he can make anything he likes out of him, from a thief right up to a murderer." I'm not the only one that condemns the idle, for once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with:

"He's dreadfully lazy."

"That's enough," said the old gentleman; "all sorts of sins are in that one. That's the sign by which to know the full-fledged sinner."

My advice to my boys has been: Get out of the sluggard's way, or you may catch his disease, and never get rid of it. I am always afraid of their learning the ways of the idle, and am very watchful to nip anything of the sort in the bud; for you know it is best to kill the lion while it is a cub. Sure enough our children have all our evil nature about them, for you can see it growing of itself like weeds in a garden. Who can bring a clean thing out of the unclean? A wild goose never lays a tame egg. Our boys will be off to the green with the ne'er-do-wells unless we make it greener still at home for them, and train them up to hate the company of the slothful. Never let them go to the "Rose and Crown"; let them learn to earn a crown while they are young, and grow the roses in their father's garden at home. Bring them up bees and they will not be drones.

There is much talk about bad masters and mistresses nowadays, and I dare say that there is a good deal in it, for there's bad of all sorts now as there always was; (another time, if I am allowed, I will have a say about that matter); but I am sure there is plenty of room for complaint against some among the working people, too, especially upon this matter of slothfulness. You know we are obliged to plough with such cattle as we have found for us; but when I am set to work with some men, I'd as soon drive a team of snails, or go out rabbit-hunting with a dead ferret. Why, you might sooner get blood out of a gatepost, or juice out of

a cork, than work out of some of them; and yet they are always talking about their rights. I wish they would give an eye to their own wrongs, and not lean on the plough-handles. Lazy lie-a-beds are not workingmen at all, any more than pigs are bullocks, or thistles apple trees. All are not hunters that wear red coats, and all are not workingmen who call themselves so. I wonder sometimes that some of our employers keep so many cats who catch no mice. I would as soon drop my halfpence down a well as pay some people for pretending to work, who only fidget you and make flesh crawl to see them all day creeping over a cabbage leaf. "Live and let live," say I, but I don't include sluggards in that license; for they who will not work, neither let them eat.

Here, perhaps, is the proper place to say that some of the higher classes, as they are called, set a shamefully bad example in this respect. Our great folks are some of them quite as lazy as they are rich, and often more so. The big dormice sleep as long and as sound as the little ones. Many of our squires have nothing to do but to part their hair in the middle; and many of the London grandees, ladies and gentlemen both alike, as I am told, have no better work than killing time. Now, they say the higher a monkey climbs, the more his tail is seen; and so, the greater these people are, the more their idleness is noticed, and the more they ought to be ashamed of it.

I don't say they ought to plough, but I do say that they ought to do something for the state, besides being like the caterpillars on the cabbage, eating up the

good things; or like the butterflies, showing themselves off, but making no honey.

I cannot be angry with these people somehow, for I pity them when I think of the stupid rules of fashion which they are forced to mind, and the vanity in which they weary out their days. I'd sooner by half, bend my back double with hard work than be a jack-a-dandy, with nothing to do but look in the glass and see in it a fellow who never put a single potato into the nation's pot, but took a good many out. Let me drop on these Surrey hills, worn out like my master's old brown mare, sooner than eat bread and cheese and never earn it; better die an honorable death than live a good-for-nothing life. Better get into my coffin, than be dead-and-alive, a man whose life is a blank.

However, it is not much ease that lazy people get by all their scheming, for they always take the most pains in the end. They will not mend the thatch, and so they will have to build a new cottage. They will not put the horse in the cart, and so have to drag it themselves. If they were wise they would do their work well, so as to save doing it twice; and tug hard while they are in harness, so as to get the work out of the way. My advice is, if you don't like hard work, just pitch into it, settle it off, and have your turn at rest.

I wish all religious people would take this matter under their consideration, for some professors are amazingly lazy, and make sad work for the tongues of the wicked. I think a godly ploughman ought to be the best man in the field, and let no team beat him. When we are at work, we ought to be at it, and not stop the

plough to talk, even though the talk may be about religion; for then we not only rob our employers of our own time, but of the time of the horses too. I used to hear people say, "Never stop the plough to catch a mouse," and it's quite as silly to stop for idle chat; besides, the man who loiters when the master is away is an eye-server, which (I take it) is the very opposite of a Christian.

If some of the members at our meetings were a little more spry with their arms and legs when they are at labor, and a little quieter with their tongues, they would say more for our religion than they now do. The world says the greatest rogue is the pious rogue; and I'm sorry to say one of the greatest sluggards I know of is a professing man of the "Mr. Talkative" kind. His garden is so overgrown with weeds that I feel often half a mind to weed it for him, to save our meeting the shame which he brings upon it. If he were a young lad, I'd talk to him about it and try to teach him better, but who can be school-master to a child sixty years old? He is a regular thorn to our good minister, who is quite grieved about it, and sometimes says he will go somewhere else because he cannot bear such conduct; but I tell him that wherever a man lives he is sure to have one thornbush near his door, and it is a mercy if there are not two. However, I do wish that all Christians would be industrious, for religion never was designed to make us idle. Jesus was a great worker, and His disciples must not be afraid of hard work.

As to serving the Lord with cold hearts and drowsy souls, there has been too much of it, and it causes re-

ligion to wither. Men ride stags when they hunt for gain, and snails when they are on the road to heaven. Preachers go on see-sawing, droning and prosing, and the people fall to yawning and folding their arms, and then say that God is withholding the blessing. Every sluggard, when he finds himself enlisted in the ragged regiment, blames his luck; and some churches have learned the same wicked trick. I believe that when Paul plants and Apollos waters, God gives the increase, and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God when it belongs to themselves.

Now, I have come to the end of my tether. I am afraid I have been watering a dead stake, but I have done my best, and a king can do no more. An ant can never make honey if it work its heart out, and I shall never put my thoughts so prettily together as some do, book fashion; but truth is truth, even when dressed in home-spun, and so there is an end of my rigmarole.

[From "John Ploughman's Talks," by Chas. H. Spurgeon, A book that is full of good things. Revell Co., Chicago. For sale at this office. Price 30c, net.]

HELL'S CHIEF CAPTAIN.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Intoxicating liquor is deceptive in its nature, and it does seem to me as if Satan had no power on earth that was doing his work so effectually as this. We might almost fancy him seated on his high and burning throne in Pandemonium, crowned with a coronet of everlasting fire, calling around him his satellites, and asking each to show his power to bring men to that awful abode and to enlist recruits for perdition. We may imagine Mammon, the meanest of all the gods, standing up and saying: "Send me, I can send men from their homes across the burning desert or the trackless ocean, to fight and dig in the earth for yellow dust. I can so harden the heart that the cry of the widow and the fatherless shall be unheard. I can so seal up every avenue of human affection that the heart of my victim shall become as hard as the metal he loves, and in his death struggles he will clutch closer and closer to his heart the bag of gold, which is the only god he ever worshiped." Belial, filthiest of the gods, next proclaims his power. Then the Destroyer asserts his claims: He holds war, pestilence and famine in his hand, and makes men, whose trade it shall be to deface God's image, rank themselves in hostile array, and hurry each other shrieking, unshrouded, into another world. Then all is silent, and we may imagine a mighty, rumbling sound, at

which hell quakes, and far off in the distance is seen borne upon the fiery tide, a monstrous being, his hair a mass of snakes matted together with blood, his face besmeared with human gore. He rises half his length and the waves dashing against his breast fall in a shower of fiery spray.

"Who art thou?"

"I am an earth-born spirit. I heard your proclamation and I, too, have come. Send me. I will turn the hand of the father against the mother; the mother against the child; the husband against the wife. I will wrap in my cerement the young man in the pride of his manliness, and wither him. I will make that fair young girl such a thing that the vilest wretch will shrink from her in disgust. I will so deceive them that the mother shall know I destroyed her first born, and yet offer me her second. The father shall know that I destroyed the hope of his house, and yet lift the deadly draught to the lips of others. Governors shall know how I have sapped the roots of States, and yet spread over me the robes of their protection. Legislators knowing the crime and misery I cause, shall still shield and encourage me. Ministers shall know that I have torn the surplice from the shoulders of many who have stood in the holy place, and hurled them in the dust, and yet some of them shall plead for me. In heathen lands I shall be called fire-water, spirit of the devil; but in Christendom, they shall call me 'a good creature of God.'" All hell resounds with a shout, and Satan exclaims: "Come up hither, and take a seat on the throne, till we hear your name." As he mounts to the throne,

the spirit shouts aloud, "My name is *Alcohol!*" And the name is shouted in every part of hell, and the cry is raised, "Go forth, and the benison of the pit go with you."

It does seem to me that no power on earth is so deceptive. No man, as I have already said, ever intended to become intemperate. Thousands are dying today—the poor, shrieking spirits flying wildly into eternity, every one of which drank the first glass with no intention of becoming a drunkard.

ELOQUENT AND TRUE.

The following very racy description of the evils of intemperance has been attributed to Robert G. Ingersoll and others, but it appears in Gunn's "Family Physician." A book issued about 1830, I think. Put it in your scrap book. L. L. P.

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights paternal hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness,

poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your alms-houses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the high-wayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe.

It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and, with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more: It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

THE AGED BELIEVER AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(Children, read this to your parents and grandparents.)

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife:
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voice of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless summer land;
O would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me, have entered long ago,
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won,
How lovingly they'll hail me, when my toil is done!

With them, the blessed angels, that know no grief and sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O, Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way are best;
But now I'm worn and weary, O, Father, bid me rest!

—*Unknown.*

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER.

The following sketch of a ragged newsboy who had lost his mother is full of touching interest. In the tenderness of his affection for her, he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory. His mother and he had kept house together, and they had been all to each other; but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. But getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small. But love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too much for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the result of an accident in the yard, which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the little fellow was equal to the task. Next day he conveyed the stone away on a four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The proprietor, curious to know what the boy had done with the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned:

"'Here it is,' said the man in charge; and, sure enough, there was our monument at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, that when I saw it, something blurred my eyes so I couldn't read it at first. The little man

had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you must see it on the stone to appreciate it:

My mOTHER
SHEE DiED LAST WEAK.
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SED SHEAD Bee waITING FuR—

And here, boys, the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

"'Not much,' he said, 'not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then a man came out from that church that had buried his mother and ordered a grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. He had sold his papers all out one day, and was hurrying along the street out here. There was a runaway team just about the crossing, and—well, he was run over and didn't live but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying: "I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for

me;" ' and, boys, he died with those words on his lips."

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy the next day, they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the boy, which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little newsman attended, and underneath it the touching, expressive words: "He loved his mother." When the stone was put up the little fellow's Sunday-school mates, as well as others, were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told how the little fellow had loved Jesus and tried to please Him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: "Children, I would rather be that brave, loving little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than be king of the world, and not love and respect my mother." The little newsman has left a lesson to the world.

A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond, the well-known children's evangelist, tells many interesting stories of children's prayers answered. Among other notable instances was one related during his meetings in California by Mr. Elkanah Beard, who was for many years a missionary in India. He knew the child's father and mother in Benares, and believed God answered her prayer. In that city lay a mother, sick. For months she had not left her bed, and all that she looked forward to was a slow death. Her daughter, eight years old, loved

her mother, and was almost broken-hearted. She took the New Testament and read the promises of answer to prayer, and said, "Mother, can Jesus make you well?"

"Yes, my child, but it is not His will."

"Mother, why not? Have you asked Him to heal you?"

"Oh, my child; I'm in such agony I cannot talk to you; go and play."

The child dropped her head sadly, and went under a tree, where she sat and thought and prayed. Suddenly she returned to the bedside of her mother, and kneeling said, "Mamma, I am going to try Jesus once more. He says, 'Ask,' and I am going to ask Him. Now, mamma, pray with me.

"O Jesus, dear, good Jesus, I've no happy days since my mamma is sick these three months. She is so sick she cannot talk to her little girl. Make my mamma well. She loves you, and her little girl loves you."

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands cried, "He will, mamma, He will." At that very time the lady arose from her bed. She had not moved her limbs for months; but now she was healed and was able to go about and attend to her house-hold duties, praising God. Her husband met her at the door that day and prayed God to make him worthy of the blessing that had come to his house. The little girl stood by him, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, Jesus did it! Jesus did it!"

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick." How many of our little readers can tell where this passage on healing is to be found in the Bible?

THE CHURCH SUPPER.

(Selected.)

Say! John, we had an awful thing,
  Down at the church last night.
It made me sad, though some were glad,
  And, in it took delight.
They had a crazy supper there;
  A thing of ridicule.
Around the altar cannot be
  The piace to play the fool.

I heard their laugh and witty joke,
  Nor cared for the offense,
'Twas everything contrary to
  The rule of common sense.
The men, they served the ladies, with
  Their aprons upside down.
The pepper, in the sugar bowl,
  Was, for the tea, passed round.

  Just think of it, and when they came
  To dishing up the soup;
Why! John, as sure as you are born,
  They had it in a scoop.
  They had to eat it with a fork,
    This made them lots of fun.
They tried and laughed, and tried again—
  In fact, it can't be done.

The silly song and idle mirth
And foolish jest were there.
Why! yes, I even saw them flirt
Within that place for prayer.
Most surely all within a church
Should be a means of grace.
That foolish thing will hinder souls,
And desecrate the place.

So, as they reveled in that place,
Around that altar rail,
I thought about the times when souls
Did there with God prevail.
An awful thought possessed my soul.
The tears rushed to my eyes—
Does God compare these earthly scenes
In courts beyond the skies?

And then, again, I thought of this,
How many a precious time,
I, bowing there, received the bread—
The consecrated wine,
Blest emblems of my dying Lord!
Speaking of Calvary,—
How can they fill that sacred place,
With such unholy glee!

I thought about the many times
I've seen the Holy Ghost
Fill all that place with "Praise the Lord,"
"Amens," a mighty host.

But, when I heard their worldly glee,
For it I had no taste;
The contrast was too much for me,
I quickly left the place.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction to be Scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept it faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to the clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' said the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so, why not I?" So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add: "That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the reverend doctor who has just addressed this assembly."—*Sel.*

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

John and James Roding were twins, fourteen years of age. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen they were talking over what they most wanted.

"I want a pony," said James.

"And what do you want, John?" asked his father.

"A boy."

"A boy!" gasped his father.

"Yes, sir. It don't cost much more to keep a boy than a horse, does it?"

"Why, no," replied his father, still very much surprised.

"And I can get a boy for nothing, to begin with."

"Yes," replied his father, hesitatingly; "I suppose so."

"Why; papa, I know so! There are lots of 'em runnin' around without any home."

"Oh, that's what you're up to, is it? Want to take a boy to bring up, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the St. Bernard dog, you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go with me, play with me, and do all kinds of nice things for me and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school, and I could help him with his examples and Latin—"

"Examples and Latin! God bless the boy; what is

he aiming at?" and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

"I know," laughed James. "He's always up to something like that. I dare say he wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son."

"Yes, papa, 'cause he's runnin' about the streets as dirty as he can be, and old Pete don't care a cent about him, and he's a splendid boy, father. He's just as smart as he can be, only he can't go to school half the time, 'cause he hasn't anything decent to wear."

"How long do you want to keep him?"

"Until he gets to be a man, father."

"And turns out such a man as old Pete?"

"No danger of that, father. He has signed the pledge not to drink intoxicants, nor swear, nor smoke, and he has helped me, father; for when I have wanted to do such things he has told me that his father was once a rich man's son, and just as promising as James and I."

"Do you mean to tell me that you ever feel like doing such things as drinking, swearing, smoking, and loafing?" asked his father, sternly.

"Why, papa, you don't know half the temptations boys have nowadays. Why, boys of our set swear and smoke and drink right along when nobody sees them."

"Don't let me ever catch you doing such things."

"Not now, father, for I am trying to surrender all—every vice, every bad habit, unnecessary pleasures. I don't see how I could enjoy a dog or a pony when I knew a nice boy was suffering for some of the good

things I enjoy." "You may have the boy, John, and may God bless the gift!"

And God did bless the gift. John Roding grew up to be a much better man because of the almost constant companionship of Drunken Pete's son; and as for the drunkard's boy, everything he touched seemed to prosper. John and James's mother said it was because God had said, "When your father and mother forsake you, then the Lord will take you up." The Lord had taken up drunken Pete's son; and he couldn't help prospering.

Fred not only lifted up his own fallen family, but became as much of a prop for Judge Roding's family. "His delight was in the law of the Lord. He was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and whatsoever he did prospered."—*Temperance Advocate.*

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Southern Church Advocate.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business. Make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one. Politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. Above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and

who does not grow away from his church and Sunday school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he be endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than genius.

Never be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and with a living faith in God, you will succeed.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

You are not pleasing God, unless you are a happy Christian.

WILLIE'S FAITH.

William Peters is a little boy, just nine years of age, living with his parents in a small town in Maine.

One day, while playing in the yard with some other children, Willie stepped on a nail, which ran into his foot, causing severe pain. His older brother heard him scream, and ran out to see what was the matter. Find-

ing the little fellow was hurt, he lifted him up, carried him into the house, and laid him on the bed.

The doctor came, and said it was a bad wound He treated it as best he could; still it grew no better, but rather worse. Then a very skillful physician from the city was called, who said the only thing that could save the boy's life was to have his foot taken off.

A day was fixed for the operation. Willie was almost beside himself at the thought of being a cripple all his life, and as he was a Christian boy, he thought God might help him. He clasped his hands, and in his childish way was heard to say:

"O blessed Savior, the doctors can not save my poor foot, and I can not bear to have it taken off; if You were only here on earth now my papa would send for You. and You would come and lay Your hand upon it and make it all well; I know you would."

He stopped a moment, his face lighted up, and he exclaimed:

"O blessed Jesus, You can do it just as well as though You were here, can't You? And I know You will."

After this Willie was quiet and cheerful, and seemed to have no dread of the operation which was to take place on the morrow.

The next day the surgeon came to take off the foot, but when he looked at it he was astonished, and said it was much better, and would not need to be taken off. Then he asked what they had done for the foot to cause such a change.

Willie looked into the surgeon's face with a happy smile, and said:

"Jesus was the Doctor. I asked Him to save my foot, and He did it. Don't you love Him, doctor?"

"Yes, yes, child, I do love Him," he replied, as the tears coursed down his cheeks; for the surgeon was a godly man. Then, as he turned to leave, he was heard to say:

"'And a little child shall lead them.'"—*Reformed Church Record.*

GOD IS WATCHING.

When Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote many pretty stories for children, was a little boy, he was attacked by a wicked man, who often beat the children who came near him. When the man was about to strike him, Hans turned and said, "O, sir, how can you be so wicked as to strike me while God is looking on?" These words so awed the cruel man that he lowered his club and did not strike. Would it not keep us from many a sinful act to remember that God is watching all we do? We would do well to always bear in mind this text, "Thou God seest me."—*Selected.*

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, thro Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES.

There come o'er and o'er the fond memories of child-
hood,
As often I sit and recall one by one;
When sisters and brother and I would together
Go tripping and singing with joy and with fun.

But, Oh, the great changes which time in its ravish
Has wrought in our lives since our childhood's loved
days!
We're parted and scattered by miles intervening;
But yet I live over as memory plays.

Ah, sweet the remembrance of that family altar,
Where mother in tenderness read us the Word;
And down on our knees we in harmony kneeling,
There lifted our voices and prayed to the Lord.

But now where's the altar, the old family Bible,
The children who bowed in their innocent way?
It's only with sadness that now I recall them
When Fancy presents them to view day by day.

No more can the decades of time carry backward
And give me those days with my loved ones so dear;
No more can I visit the blessed old homestead,
And childishly swing in the elm growing near.
No more may I wade in the clear flowing streamlet
As trickling it came thro' the pasture and dale;
And watered the daisies and violets near it,
And sparkled o'er rocks in the neighboring vale.

No more may I climb o'er the cliffs and the hedges
In search of the robin's or thrush's domain;
Nor go to the oak with its low-hanging branches
For shelter, when casually caught by a rain.

No more may that mother, who fondly caressed me
When oft I'd return from an afternoon stroll,—
No more can she guide me and teach me the pathway
Which lands the tired pilgrim at Heaven's pure goal.

Ah, let those fond scenes now in tenderness linger,—
And paint on the canvas of memory's wall
The earliest impressions of childish remembrance,
As thus recollections those days now recall.

Yet childhood has passed with its sport and its frolic,
And years add to years with young-man-hood's adorn,
The problems of life now begin to confront me,
As out on the tide of affairs I am borne.

Oh, Let me be true to my trust and my teaching;
Forbid that a shipwreck of life I should make;
So live that at death, God's Spirit may comfort:
And I in His likeness and image awake.

—Geo. W. Bunton.

They were talking about trees. "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?" "Yew," he replied.

TOBACCO USING—SOCIAL OBJECTIONS.

It is said that the King of England was passing through Ireland and came to a town where, contrary to the custom of the times, the bells were not rung in his honor, though the inhabitants came out as his coach passed through and showed him all possible respect. Afterward, some of the men of the town apologized to the captain of the King's guard for the omission, saying there were many good reasons why this was not done, among them being the fact that there were no bells in the town to ring.

There are undoubtedly many reasons, which, singly, should be sufficient to cause a man of sense to throw aside the use of tobacco. Among them there are none which can have greater weight with a man of thought, than the fact that the use of this weed is harmful and offensive to his friends, as well as injurious to himself.

When a man is addicted to the habit of chewing or smoking, he is not only rendering his person offensive to others, but instances have been known in which the breakdown of health, and even death, has resulted from constant association with tobacco users.

Many a babe frets its life away for no other cause than that the hurtful smoke or the stench of tobacco-soaked clothing has filled its blood with poison. The same could be said of thousands of delicate women. But if the harm to the physical well-being of his friends, or even those whom he casually meets, is great, what must

be the moral and spiritual damage to those who look up to him with admiration?

As "no man liveth to himself," so no man can continue the use of tobacco without encouraging its use by others. A boy seeing his father smoking will argue, "My father understands the effects of tobacco, if it were injurious, he would not use it."

In the daily work of hundreds of men, the lives of thousands depend upon that steadiness of nerve and quickness of thought which tobacco-using surely destroys. An engineer has his mind beclouded with cigarette smoke, he misunderstands or fails to notice a signal, two trains crash together, and thousands of dollars and, may be, many valuable lives pay the penalty.

Friend, if you recognize no other reason for stopping the use of tobacco, surely this fact should decide you to make a sacrifice that would improve the health, the nerve and physical well-being of yourself and your friends, as well as to make your company more agreeable, and give you an assurance that you are not helping to drag the young manhood of your country into a premature grave.

As this is a social question, who is more capable of discouraging the habit than the young ladies who rule the social world? The girl who permits smoking in her presence makes herself responsible for at least a part of the whole iniquity. Why should ladies, who have it in their power to make tobacco-using universally recognized as ungentlemanly, allow men to practice a habit so disrespectful in their presence? When the use of tobacco is frowned on by the womankind of America it is

surely doomed. Then why should they not use this power and help clear the country of that which is at once a nuisance and a danger? DOCTOR.

HOW A CHILD LED HER PAPA.

A story is told of how a little girl was the means of bringing her unsaved father under conviction and into the kingdom of heaven. She had just returned from church, full of what she had seen and heard, and was talking to her father about it. Suddenly she asked, "Papa, do you ever pray?" He did not like the question, and in an angry manner said:

"Who put you up to this, your mamma or your auntie?"

"Neither one," said the child, "but the preacher told us that if we don't pray we won't be saved. Do you pray, papa?"

The father, still angry, said: "Well, you and your mother and your aunt go your own way and I'll go mine."

"Father," said the child, with earnest inquiry, "which way are you going?"

There was something about the question which pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was going the way of endless death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to cry for mercy. Of course, God heard him, and now he is going with the other three, the way of life eternal.—*Selected.*

WILL IS DESTINY.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

(*Written when the poet was eighteen years of age.*)
Awake from your dreaming,—up,—on to the fray
That is waged in the front of the hurrying to-day!
Up, on to the battle of honor and truth,
With a spirit that will not be quelled, and forsooth
You never can fail of a victory glorious,
For the vanquished may be the most truly victorious.

On, fear not, nor falter, but give of your best;
It is all that an angel can do: leave the rest
Unto God: He is sure, and He loves more your flags
When the Powers of darkness have rent them to rags.
The law of the soul is eternal endeavor,
And bears the man onward and upward forever.

So rise with a faith in yourself, with a vow;
Set your face to the stars and press on in the Now;
Reck not of the Future; reck not of the Past:
They are God's. Doing right in the present will cast
A horoscope fair for all time. Who does his best
Bears the stars of his destiny in his own breast.

And all may be done in To-day that we wait
For To-morrow to do. Ah, the Future is fate
If we stand idle-handed and wishing and dumb
And wait for to-morrow with fortune to come.
So awake from your dreaming,—up,—on to the fray
That is waged in the front of the hurrying to-day;
And Truth will be laureled and Right wear her crown
On the field where the phalanx of wrong was trod down.

LITTLE BOB STOOD THE TEST.

The "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, says a writer in *Youth's Companion,* and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's"

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you will pull that note half way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said

the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily-gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long hard message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

BE COURTEOUS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him, because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you mind that?"

"Oh, not much! I don't stay long."

"I would call myself very selfish if friends came to see me, and I should pay no attention to them."

O, well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal thus pressed, said he didn't mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy: you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Anonymous.*

Go Home, Boys.—Boys, don't hang around the corner of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street-corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not.—Anon.

"You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you are engaged to a dentist." "Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life."

"I S'AL S'EEP WIV HIM TO-NIGHT."

Sometimes I believe that the little ones say the best things after all. I knew a little family in Detroit who are heartbroken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun, only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night."

The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "teledraf" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing out of her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed and said:

"Don't ky, mamma; I s'all s'eep wiv Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a teledraf, and tell Him I s'all s'eep wiv Him to-night."

But the message went strait up there, without the clicking of wires or the rustling of wings.—*Selected.*

A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—Prov. 10:1.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

A word of advice for you, boys,
A word of advice and love;
My language is plain but true, boys,
As each, if you will, may prove.

Be honest and noble and true, boys,
However the wind or tide;
Speak truth—only truth—clear thro, boys,
Speak truth, whatever betide.

Your father and mother obey, boys,
Be true to your conscience alway;
And never a trust betray, boys,
Lest others should yours betray.

Abstain from tobacco and drink, boys,
They lead in the pathway of sin;
When tempted, take time to think, boys,
These habits are filthy and mean.

Surrender your hearts to the Lord, boys,
And gladly His will obey;
Seek daily to know His Word, boys,
And ever to walk in His way.

Ask Jesus to dwell in your hearts, boys,
And ever keep under the blood;
Resisted, the Devil departs, boys;
'Tis easier then to be good.

L. L. PICKETT.

.. THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE WHIPPED.

As I have already told you, my mother was a widow and a woman of great firmness and decision of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was as gentle and tender as a lamb.

At one time in the fall of the year, when I was about fifteen years old, I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy piece of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to assist, but he stood stock still and laughed at me, while I almost strained my eyeballs out of my head. At last I lost my temper, grew hot, got mad, and picked up a switch and gave brother a whipping.

That was one thing mother did not allow; she did not permit one child to whip another on her place. When she heard the row she came out of the house and gave brother a good thrashing, and made him help me put the timber in place, and then said to me:

"Now, my son, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother!"

I had not had a whipping for a long time, and had begun to feel like a man. In fact, I waited on the girls now and then, and a white downy stuff had begun to grow upon my lip and chin, and I felt large over the prospect of a beard at no distant day. In truth, I had gotten "too big for my breeches, and needed to be taken down a buttonhole or two."

But I had no idea of taking a whipping—none in the

world. I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door and told mother, she would have adjusted matters and made brother do what he had refused. Instead of that, I had assumed authority, had taken the law into my own hands, and had done what I knew my mother did not allow.

I said: "Mother, you shan't whip me!"

"But I *will* do it, my son;" and she started toward me with a purpose in her eye.

I got out of her way, and, bad boy that I was, I turned my back upon home and mother and went off about four miles and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars per month. I told him what had occurred, and how I had been outraged at home, and that, too, by my mother!

He told me I had done wrong and that I ought to go back home, and he proposed to go with me and intercede for me.

I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and could not sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me and apologize and take me back "scot-free," but I heard nothing from her. I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and home needed me—a lesson which most boys do not learn until it is too late.

At the end of the week, or on Saturday morning, I told my employer I wanted to go home. He approved my purpose and kindly offered to go with me, but I preferred to go alone. He paid me for my week's work,

but I hated the money. It felt like lead in my pocket, and grew heavier and heavier as I got nearer home, till finally I pulled it out and hurled it as far as I could send it into the woods.

I didn't go home in a hurry. It was four miles, and I was four hours on the way—and mortal hours they were! I hesitated, and turned back, and resolved, and re-resolved. The better thing in me said, "Go home and yield to your mother and obey her;" but some other thing said, "I'd die first!"

Those who have never been in the shoes of the "Prodigal Son" do not know what an effort that trip home cost the poor boy, or how long he was making it. When I felt that I could go no farther I would kneel down and pray. That always helped me. I felt firmer afterward. The last hundred yards before I got home seemed to be a mile long. If it had been night and no lights burning, so that mother could not see me, how glad I would have been! But three it was a beautiful, sun-bright day in the calm, cool November!

Oh! how black the bright light makes the guilty heart look! The last hour before day is said to be the darkest hour. When I got near enough to hear, mother was singing:

Jesus! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!

Ah! That song! What mingled feelings it stirred in my heart! and how appropriate it was! Hope and shame had a great struggle, but, thank God! hope prevailed just as I reached the kitchen door, where I could see mother setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, as pleasantly as I had ever heard her speak in all my life. "Come in," she continued; "have a seat," placing a chair for me; "I hope you are well, my son?"

That word "son"—how it hurt me! I was not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you"—I did not venture to say "mother." "Are all well?" I asked.

"Well, I thank you, my son." And she went on chatting away as pleasantly as if I were a neighbor visiting.

I wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but did not know where or how to begin. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked me to dine with her with all the politeness and deference due a visitor. When seated at the table she said:

"Will you please say grace for us?"

That was awful. The words choken me, though I had been accustomed to asking a blessing for a year or two. I could not eat; I was too full already. Mother hoped I was well. I told her I was. When dinner was over I said:

"Mother, what work do you want me to do?"

"None at all, my son; I do not expect visitors to work for me," she answered.

"But mother, I have come home, and I want to go to work and quit this foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly:

"Well, my son, to be candid with you, if you will now take a whipping you can stay, but if not, you can have your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat and vest, and sat

down with my face toward the back of the chair and my back toward mother, and said:

"Well, mother, I will take the whipping and stay at home with you. So get your switch and give it to me."

Just then mother burst into tears, caught me in her arms, and said:

"That will do, my son; let us pray."

She led. Oh, that prayer, that prayer! It lingers yet, like the refrain of some old song grand with the melody of heaven. I then had a home and a mother, and was just as happy as boys ever get to be in this life.

Now, boys, I am ashamed of my sin to this day, but I am so proud of my mother that I thought I would tell you this story.

From Gulderoy's Stories. Price 60c. This office.

BEN'S ATONEMENT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"I will never forgive him, never!" said Deacon Gray, bringing down his large hand with emphasis on the table at which he was sitting.

"Don't be hasty, Ebenezer!" expostulated Mrs. Gray, with an expression of pain. "Do not forget that he is our own son."

"I don't forget it," said the deacon, bitterly. "That is what makes it worse than all. Two hundred years have the Grays lived in New England, and all that time, till now, there has never been a dishonest one among them. They have been poor, hard-working farmers, living honestly, but always sustaining an honorable reputation. And now, my son has stooped to become a thief!"

He leaned forward, and fixed his stern, sorrowful eyes on the logs that burned and crackled in the fireplace, and his wife felt her heart sink as she saw the dogged resolution in her husband's face.

"Ebenezer!" she said, "you know I have a hundred dollars in the savings bank. I will draw from it enough to pay what Benjamin has taken, if you will only pass it over."

"Martha, you insult me!" said the deacon, angrily. "Do you suppose it is the loss of the money that I grieve for? No, the loss of thirty dollars, though

something to a poor man, I could easily get over. It is the thought that my own son has taken it that hardens my heart against him."

"Ebenezer," said his old wife, with unwonted spirit, "have you never sinned yourself that you are so hard upon the offences of another? 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' we read in Holy Writ. I warn you that you may yourself be judged as severely as you judge and condemn your own son."

Deacon Gray suffered a minute to elapse before he answered. His wife's bold speech was not without effect, and gave him something to think of. But he quickly recovered himself.

"I am not without sin, Martha," he said, "but one thing I can say," and here he straightened up with a look of pride, "I have never taken a cent that belonged to another."

"That is not the only form of sin, Ebenezer."

"No, but with me it's unpardonable."

Mrs. Gray sighed, and making an excuse left the room. Up the back stairs she went, till in the little room over the back kitchen she found her son, the black sheep who had aroused his father's wrath. He was a strong, sturdy young fellow of seventeen, with a face that indicated strength, and had something winning in its expression.

"Well, mother?" he said, inquiringly.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"I can do nothing with your father, Ben," she said. "He is very bitter against you."

"But I will make up the money, no matter how hard I have to work."

"It isn't the loss of the money that troubles him, it is that you took it. I offered to pay it out of my money at the savings bank, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"Nor would I, mother. Your little stock of money must not be touched by me."

"But you could pay me back, Ben?"

"I could, but you say he won't hear to it."

"No," answered Mrs. Gray, with a sigh.

"Then, mother, there is only one thing for me to do —I must leave home."

"No, Ben, you won't do that!" exclaimed his mother in quick alarm.

"It will be better, I can't stay here with father looking upon me as a thief. I will leave home, and before I return I will redeem myself."

"But, Ben, suppose you suffer for food? Suppose you can't get employment?"

"I am not afraid of that. In fact, I have a chance to work in a shoe-shop at Lynn, and can make enough to keep me from suffering."

It was sometime before Ben could persuade his mother that this was a wise step, but he succeeded at length.

"You must go down and bid your father good bye!" said Mrs. Gray

Ben hesitated. "Well, if you say so, mother; but there will be no satisfaction in it."

"It is your duty."

Ben went down stairs and entered the kitchen. Deacon Gray never turned his head.

"Father," said Ben, "I am going away."

His father made no sign.

"I am sorry you feel so hardly against me. I mean to redeem myself if I can. I have come to bid you good bye."

What passed in the heart of the stern deacon who shall say? He was not demonstrative, and his face did not change.

"Good bye!" he said sternly.

Ben gazed at him sadly, but made no further attempt to melt his sternness. So, echoing the "Good bye!" he turned and left the room.

It was many a long day before Benjamin Gray stood again beneath the roof of the old farmhouse; many a long day before he saw again the father and mother whom he had seen daily from his birth.

And many things happened meanwhile.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years later, Deacon Gray and his wife, both grown old and worn, sat once more before the fire. Their faces were sad, for it was their last day in the old farmhouse. Soon after Ben left home his father lost a valuable cow, and this was but the first piece of bad luck. He worked as hard as ever, but he seemed to have lost heart in his work. He never mentioned his absent son, but there were few days in which Ben was wholly absent from his thoughts.

At first Mrs. Gray heard from Ben occasionally, but

at the time now mentioned two years had elapsed without any communication.

The crowning stroke of bad luck, and the threatened loss of the farm, resulted from the deacon's endorsing a note for a large amount for a cousin who was engaged in business in a neighboring town. This man was far from possessing the simple honesty and strict integrity of his kinsman. When the note came due—it was for two thousand dollars—he coolly notified the deacon that he should be unable to meet it, but promised some day to reimburse him for the heavy payment he would be called upon to make. To the deacon this was a crushing blow. His farm was worth not over three thousand dollars, and if sold at auction, at a forced sale, would probably not realize more than the face of the note.

Absolute ruin and destitution stared him in the face. A man of middle age might have borne up against even this blow, but Deacon Gray was sixty-five, and his gentle wife was sixty-one.

"It's hard, mother," said the deacon, briefly, breaking a long silence. "It's very hard to be turned out in our old age, and see the old farm pass into the hands of strangers."

"Yes, Ebenezer, I think you are right. It was a cruel blow. But, if he pays us back the money after a time, though it won't bring back the farm it will help us to live."

"He will *never* pay back the money! Such men never do. They are ready enough with their promises, but they are worth nothing. Yet after all it is my

fault, Martha. I needn't have endorsed. And you must suffer for it."

"Don't think of me, Ebenezer. I could bear it cheerfully if Ben were only back again."

She had not dared hitherto to mention Ben's name, but took courage from her husband's softened mood.

"I'm afraid I was over-hasty with Benjamin," said the deacon slowly. "I see it now—but in my pride I failed to make allowances for him. My pride has had a fall."

"I thank God that you are willing to say so much, Ebenezer. May I say so to Ben if I ever have a chance to write to him?"

"Yes, wife, tell him to come home. I am old and feeble, and I would like to have a son to lean upon."

Another hour passed. Then there was an unwonted sound—a knock at the door.

She saw before her a stout, bronzed young man of twenty-seven.

"Will you come in, sir?" she said.

"Don't you know me, mother?" said the new-comer.

"It's Ben!" exclaimed his mother, full of joy, and in a second he was in her embrace.

"Come in, Ben!" she said, half laughing and half crying. "It's a joyful day after all."

"But father—"

"He will be glad to see you."

And the deacon was glad to see the returning prodigal. Yet more, it was not without pride that he surveyed the frank, handsome face, the stalwart form of his boy.

"You are welcome, Benjamin," he said. "It is well that you came tonight, for tomorrow I should have had no place in which to receive you."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I mean that I was fool enough to endorse for a scoundrel in the sum of two thousand dollars, and I must pay the note. The farm is to be sold, and your mother and I will be turned out in our old age."

"And the sum is two thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"If you pay that you can keep the farm?"

"Yes, but it is impossible."

"No, it isn't, father," said Ben, with a glad smile. "I have three times that amount in a bank in New York, and I will gladly pay the note and give you back the farm."

"God be thanked for all his goodness!" ejaculated the deacon with pious thankfulness. "He has raised up help for us in our sore need. But where did you get so much money, Ben?"

"By honest means, father. Two years since I went to California—struck it rich, as they say— and today I am able to pay a debt I have long owed. Let this be my atonement for the past."

So the day which dawned so sorrowfully closed in quiet happiness. Ben went into business in a large town not far away, speedily married, and now, ten years later, his children have no greater pleasure than in visiting the old farm, where they are made much of by the aged deacon and his venerable wife, whose last years are their happiest.

I DIDN'T THINK.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

If all the troubles in the world
  Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten began
  From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
  Who lurks about life's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
  The elf, "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
  His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
  And wants to make things right
But wishes do not heal a wound,
  Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
  All through, "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart
  And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
  For lack of resting place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
  The Golden Rule, we drink,
We'll keep the laws, and have no cause
  To say "I didn't think."

THE MISSISSIPPI GORILLA.

Jessie McGee lived in Winston county, Miss., near Tilby Creek, a beautiful, clear, ever-running stream, well stocked with several kinds of fish. Mr. McGee was a farmer, blacksmith, and wagon-maker, hence he found but little time to fish with hook and line; but for many years he kept a fish-trap in Tilby Creek, a mile north of his house. At those seasons of the year when fish were running, and the water was at the right stage, his table was supplied with the choicest kinds of fish. It was a treat for a hungry man to sit down at his board.

Mr. McGee was a tall, dark-skinned, raw-boned, and very meditative old man. He thought deeply and spoke slowly and with great deliberation, as if every word were weighed and measured. He was a wise man, well versed in human nature and in the affairs of life, though he was not an educated man in the popular acceptation of the term. He was one of the most prominent and influential men in the section of country where he lived. His good sense, deep piety, prudence, and force of character would have given him a front place in any community in the land.

To persons who did not know him well Mr. McGee had the appearance of being a solemn, sad man, wholly destitute of fun and humor, yet there was a deep and constant under-current of humor in all he did and said. It was called "dry fun" by his friends.

Negroes and "sorry" white people got to visiting Mr.

McGee's fish-trap at night to rob it of fish. He tried many ways to prevent this, but could not. Finally a report became current in the country that a gorilla had been seen in Tilby Creek near Mr. McGee's fish-trap, and that it was destroying all his fish. From some cause this report could not be traced to any reliable source, but the story grew as it went until it was currently reported and generally believed that the gorilla preferred human flesh to fish, and the flesh of a negro to that of a white man.

The story acted like a charm. The fish-trap was distant from human habitation, in a lonely, desolate part of the swamp, near a large beaver-dam. Timid people, credulous and superstitious, would not like to go prowling around in such a place after hearing such awful stories as were told about the gorilla, the new wonder, that had been seen and heard at and near the McGee fish-trap on Tilby Creek, in Winston county, Miss.

Now there chanced to be not far from Mr. McGee's farm a school-teacher named Bowles, a bookish sort of man, destitute of common sense, who imagined himself to be a sort of Solomon among a race of dunces down South in the land of Dixie. He "pooh-poohed" at the story of the gorilla, and said "none but ignorant, silly, uncultivated people ever believed such stories; that such stories could not gain currency in any country but in the South."

He went to Mr. McGee to ask him all about it. The old man simply rehearsed the story from beginning to end in his slow, solemn, impressive way. Mr. Bowles

mistook his earnest manner for full faith in the gorilla and its wonderful doings on Tilby Creek.

In order to exhibit himself and expose the ignorance and superstition of the people in that country, Mr. Bowles proposed to spend a night with Mr. McGee at the fish-trap, and discover and kill, or capture, the gorilla that had become the terror of the negroes and white boys for miles around.

The time was set and the arrangements all made, and the mode of warfare agreed upon. Mr. McGee was to load his double-barrel shot-gun for Mr. Bowles, and both of them were to sit on the fish-trap and watch for the gorilla, and when it came into view, Mr. Bowles was to kill it outright. The school-teacher did not believe the gorilla story at the start, but he had heard it so often, and from those who believed it so firmly, that by the law of sympathy he had become a little shakey along the lumbar region and about the knees. He had gone too far to back out without disgrace, and then, too, he might never again enjoy such an opportunity to make a great hero of himself.

Mr. McGee secured a confederate in this game in the person of a trusty young negro man who worked with him in the shop.

The gun was to be charged with powder and a soft cotton wad, and about midnight Ned was to throw himself in the creek two hundred yards above the trap, and come rolling, tumbling, puffing, and blowing down to the trap, with all the hideous groans and growls at his command.

Ned played his part to perfection. When he plunged

into the creek with an unearthly growl, the sound broke the awful silence and echoed and re-echoed up and down the creek bottom like the roar of artillery.

Mr. McGee touched Mr. Bowles on the arm, and in a husky, grave-yard sort of tone said: "That's the gorilla. He is coming. Take good aim." Poor Bowles began to tremble from head to foot, like a jar of jelly, and his teeth began to chatter, and he said: "It-it is-is awful cold."

Ned came on slowly, splashing the water and sending forth the most inhuman sounds imaginable.

Mr. McGee became terribly excited, or appeared to be so, and this was not calculated to quiet the nerves of Mr. Bowles.

At last Ned reached the upper end of the trap, when Mr. McGee said, "Shoot! shoot!" and instantly "bang! bang!" went both barrels of the gun, reverberating along the creek like thunder.

The gorilla came on with an awful scream, when Mr. McGee leaped to the shore and said, "Bowles, take care of yourself!" With that Bowles rolled off of the trap into ten-foot water below, and Ned piled over after him, when it became a sort of life-and-death struggle with Bowles to get to the shore before the monster got hold of him. As he clambered up the bank Ned gave him an awful grip on the calf of his leg, accompanied by the growl of a lion.

Bowles screamed and leaped to his feet and struck out toward home, scrambling through bushes and jumping over logs and ditches with the agility of a deer. When he reached Mr. McGee's, out of breath and excited

nearly to death, he frightened the women folks greatly, and told a terrible story of his narrow escape from the gorilla, or something of that kind.

When Mr. McGee got home as placid as a lamb, Mr. Bowles began to realize that he had been the subject of a practical joke, and proposed to perpetuate and intensify the gorilla story for the protection of Mr. McGee's fish-trap, on condition that the family did not expose him to the jeers and ridicule of the neighborhood.

There is a streak of superstition and fear in nearly all the men and women of the world. It may be latent in you, but under proper conditions it may be fanned to a flame. It is best not to boast too much of your courage. It might fail you when the crisis comes.*

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*From Odd Hours. Bigham and Smith, Nashville, Tenn., 60c. By permission. For sale at this office,

A PROHIBITIONIST.

(The Worker.)

I am a prohibitionist through and through,
As the woes and crimes of this world I view,
And I pity its sad condition.
The fountain of wrongs I'd forever dry;
To stop the flow, I'd stop the supply,
And this is prohibition!

If I knew a baker so bad and bold
That he poisoned each loaf of bread he sold,
I'd try him by inquisition.
Then I'd oven him up in stone walls four,
Where he could not peddle out death any more,
And this is prohibition!

If I saw a butcher selling meat,
Putrid and spoiled in the market street—
Not worthy the son of perdition;
I'd fasten him up with a chain so strong
That he never again would do this wrong,
And this is prohibition!

If I had a fold, and a wolf should creep
Within, to devour my lambs and sheep,
I'd never wait for commission;
But to stop his prowls, I'd stop his breath,
And save my flock by his instant death,
And this is prohibition!

If a poisonous snake by the roadside lay,
To bite every traveler that passed that way,
I'd curb his Satanic ambition;
An iron heel on his head I'd bring,
And crush out his life and venomous sting,
And this is prohibition!

If I had a dog that would bark and bite,
And worry my neighbor day and night,
I'd perform a feat in division,—
In spite of his barking and yelping and tears,
I'd cut off his tail just back of his ears,
And this is prohibition!

If venders of rum throughout the land
Are dealing out poison on every hand,
Regardless of age and condition,
I want a law to stop the supply,
And the law enforced till the traffic shall die,
And this is prohibition!

CHRIST.

To know Christ is to love Him. He is the best of the good, the noblest of the great, the holiest of the pure, the best friend of the friendless, the hope of the fallen, the Source of light and life to a lost world, the sinner's Savior, the Son of man, the heir of all things, the terror of hell, the joy of heaven, the King of kings, the Prince of glory. This glorious Prince is my loving Savior. Glory to His name. L. L. PICKETT.

ON PATIENCE.

Patience is better than wisdom: an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practice it. It is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it: but it is not every garden that grows the herbs to make it with.

When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to murmur as for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a ploughboy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Savior should be patient themselves.

"Grin and bear it" is the old-fashioned advice, but "*Sing* and bear it" is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts. Sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home. Many people are born cry-

ing, live complaining and die disappointed. They chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water. They think every other man's burden to be light, and their own feathers to be heavy as lead. They are hardly done by (badly treated) in their own opinion. No one's toes are so often trodden on by the black ox as theirs. The snow falls thickest round their door, and the hail rattles hardest, on their windows. And yet, if the truth were known, it is their fancy rather than their fate which makes things go so hard with them.

Many would be well off if they could but think so. A little sprig of the herb called content put into the poorest soup will make it taste as rich as the Lord Mayor's turtle. John Ploughman grows the plant in his garden, but the late hard winter nipped it terribly, so that he cannot afford to give his neighbors a slip of it; they had better follow Matthew xxv. 9, and go to those who sell, and buy for themselves. Grace is a good soil to grow it in, but it wants watering from the fountain of mercy.

To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. A poor man's table is soon

spread, and his labor spares his buying sauce. The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman, and many a godly ploughman has all these gentlemen to wait upon him. Plenty makes dainty, but hunger finds no fault with the cook. Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds.

It is not how much we *have,* but how much we *enjoy,* that makes happiness. There is more sweet in a spoonful of sugar than in a cask of vinegar. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have, that makes us truly rich. The parings of a pippin are better than a whole crab. A dinner of herbs, with peace, is better than a stalled ox and contention therewith. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." A little wood will heat my little oven; why then should I murmur because all the woods are not mine?

When trouble comes, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of Providence; that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade, and yields no profit; but patience has a golden hand.

Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining. Black crows have wings. Every winter turns to spring. Every night breaks into morning.

Blow the wind never so fast,
It will lower at last.

If one door should be shut, God will open another. If the peas do not yield well, the beans may. If one hen

leaves her eggs, another will bring out all her brood. There's a bright side to all things, and a good God everywhere. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on; and if there were not it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water-gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to Providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. "Must" is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat; and yet Paul by grace came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must needs go to glory by the way of Weeping Cross; and as we were never promised that we should ride to heaven in a feather-bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and therefore let us plough the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labor while others murmur.

From John Ploughman's Talks, By Chas. H. Spurgeon. 30c net. Revell Chicago. For sale at this office.

A BEAR STORY.

REV. S. A. STEEL.

President Roosevelt has been bear hunting in Mississippi. And that reminds me. He was in my old haunts, and though I may not have given him any pointers in regard to hunting bear, I could have told him some big yarns that were true. I lived in "The Delta" during "the war"—O, I mean the sure-enough war we had between the North and South. It was a much wilder country then than it is now, and there are many parts of it now as wild as when Columbus first sighted the Western hemisphere. During the years of 1863 and 1864 nearly all the men from our part of the country were away in the Southern army, and all kinds of wild animals, wolves, panthers, and bears multiplied immensely, and became very troublesome and dangerous. I had a gun, but I had to keep it hid to prevent it falling into the hands of the Yankees. I oiled it well, wrapped it in a piece of blanket, then a piece of oilcloth, and slipping away from the house one night after dark, I put it in an old hollow log in the cane-brake. It was safe there, but of little use.

Bears, or Mississippi bears at any rate, are very fond of roasting-ears. They are worse than hogs in a cornfield. So during two or three weeks of the midsummer in 1863 and 1864, it was very regular business to take a gang of niggers and a fine pack of dogs (thank the Lord, the Yankees left us our dogs), and go out about mid-

night to patrol the corn-field. The bears usually entered the field about midnight, but sometimes they got in ahead of the schedule, and often we ran as many as half a dozen big rascals out of the corn in one night. As a rule, if they did not have their young with them, they hustled away as soon as they got wind of our coming. Our dogs were well trained, and would not attack a bear with cubs. We could always tell by the actions of the dogs whether the little scamps were with their mothers. If they were, we set up a furious racket, but gave them plenty of time to clear out. Is it not a wonderful example of Divine wisdom that implanted in the nature of such a surly beast as the bear such a powerful love for its offspring! All God's works do praise Him.

But I started to write about my bear hunt. One day, I think it was in '64, I ventured to bring my gun out of its hiding place about sundown for a hunt. My companion was Dennis. Dennis was my *alter ego,* my shadow. O, that nigger! I never knew Dennis was a slave until after the war brought up the question. We played together, ate together, slept together, with never a thought of social equality or in-equality If I had candy, Dennis always got some. If I had an orange Dennis usually got half of it. If I got a licking, so did Dennis, for we were usually yoked together in mischief as well as innocence. So, on this occasion, Dennis and I went out for a bear hunt. I shouldered my gun, Dennis an axe. We said we were going for "coons." We found bear.

After hunting until late in the night, and finding nothing, we came to where two roads met. Both roads

were merely narrow lanes cut through the great forest and dense jungle of cane-brake; but where they came together there was an opening in the thick branches overhead, and through this opening the silvery light of a full moon cast a pale radiance around, and wrought each bush into the image of a ghost. We stopped in that open space to discuss whether we would continue our hunt, or give it up and return home. The silence of the night in that vast forest was oppressive, unbroken save by the hoot of a distant owl in the cypress glades of Eagle Lake, or the still more distant, dismal and intermittent howl of a lone wolf in the reedy thickets along the shores of Horn Lake. As we stood there half affrighted by the shadows and the silence, I said:

"Dennis, suppose a bear was to come up on us here?"

"Pshaw, Mars Sam, ef a bar comes I ain't afeard of no bar. I'll do just so"—raising the axe as if to strike—"and split his skull."

Dennis had hardly finished when there was a sudden noise of breaking cane and rustling bushes at the roadside, and the next moment a big bear broke right into the road, not twenty feet from where we stood. Startled to discover us, he suddenly stopped, rose on his "hind legs," and with his big red tongue lolling from his mouth, stood staring at us in the moonlight. That is all I remember about that bear. For, sooner than I can tell it, Dennis and I had concluded to go home. My gun went one way, Dennis' axe another. By intuition Dennis and I struck the road homeward, I in the lead. I had not run far until I struck my toe (I was bare-footed, of course; it was war time, you understand, and

shoes were a luxury few could afford in Dixie). I struck my toe on a root, and fell sprawling in the middle of a mud hole in the road. Before I could get up, Dennis fell on me. I thought it was the bear, and for a few moments Dennis thought he had run afoul of a wildcat. We recovered consciousness, and, besmeared with mud from head to heels, resumed our headlong retreat. I was lame, and before I got home my foot pained me fearfully. When we got to a light, I found I was minus a nail on my big toe. I suppose I left it in the mud hole. I know it was several weeks before I got another.

The bear? I don't know what became of him. Early next morning, Dennis and another "nigger" went to the scene of action and recovered my gun and the axe. O, of course, we were not afraid of bears; but then you know we were looking for coons.

Dennis? Poor fellow. The Yankees set him free, he ceased to be a "nigger," became a "Negro," and the last I heard of him he was a preacher. No, sir; don't you get that down wrong! I never associated with a negro, slept with one, or ate with one, I said Dennis was a "nigger." He was about my age, and no amount of money could have bought him, because his mother was an old family servant, and when she died, my mother took special charge of Dennis, and raised him like one of the family. He was as black as tar, a genuine "nigger," I tell you.

I wish the Negroes well, but I loved "the niggers." They are nearly all gone now. Here and there they linger, wrinkled and bent, and with the frost of age on

their wool; but you can always tell them by their politeness and good breeding.

"Teddy" and his bear hunt in the Mississippi canebreak reminded me of the tilt Dennis and I had with bruin in the bush.

Lumberton, Miss.

ROOSEVELT'S FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

President Roosevelt is a faithful student of the Scriptures. Bunyan is one of his favorite authors.

One day a celebrated woman novelist came to him and said: "Tell me, Mr. President, what character in fiction comes nearest your ideal of what a man ought to be."

"Great Heart," promptly replied the ready man. "He is, in my estimation, the finest figure of a man that can be found."

"I'm afraid I'm not so well informed in modern fiction as I thought I was," she said, timidly.

The President smiled.

"O," said she, hurriedly, "one of the old pagan heroes, of course, whom I have forgotten. Where shall I find him?"

"In the 'Delectable Mountains,'" said the President, turning to other guests who were patiently waiting for his attention.—*The Lutheran.*

THE FAMOUS DUEL OF WINSTON COUNTY.

Long ago, in the days of our military glory, when S. S. Prentiss was the pride of Mississippi and A. K. McClung was in the height of his fame as a duelist, the "Code of Honor," so-called, held a high place in the estimation of a large class of our citizens. This was then the popular way of settling disputes and avenging insults.

It seems a shame that sensible men in a Christian country should adopt or approve this mode of settlement and call it by the high-sounding title "Code of Honor," when in fact it is a code of shame and disgrace! But so it was.

About this time there lived in Winston county, Miss., two young men about as unlike as two young men could well be. One of them, William Smith, was a tall, broad-shouldered, red-headed, rather fine looking young man, who was as proud as Lucifer and always carried about with him a double charge of dignity. Bill, as the boys called him, though such familiarity always hurt him, was ever on the look out for an insult. His feelings stuck out so far that it was impossible to get near him without running against one of them. Indeed, he could not endure anything that got in the way of his pride. The only way to get along with him pleasantly was to flatter him all the time; but this made the flatterer feel like a contemptible hypocrite, which he was.

The other young man, James Jones, called Jim for

short, was a low, chunky, heavy-set fellow and rather hard featured, but he had in him a warm, true heart and was the friend of everybody, and everybody liked him. He was a born wag, and loved a joke and enjoyed a laugh, even at his own expense—which is a rare gift in professional jokers. Jim was part Irish, and had inherited the streak of wit and fun characteristic of that race.

At times Jim carried his love of fun too far and hurt the feelings of people, especially of those who were invariably sensitive. But no one was more ready to make amends for the wrong done than was Jim Jones. The fact is, there was such a vein of humor in all he did that it was almost impossible to get angry at him, and harder still to stay angry. Jim joked into his troubles and then joked out of them.

In the autumn of 1840 Bill Smith and Jim Jones met at a party given by the Widow Foy. Bill was elaborately dressed in a new suit of cloth, his coat cut in the style then in vogue, which was with a "claw hammer" tail. His pride was manifest, and his immense dignity never seemed so prominent before. Jim Jones was modestly attired in a new suit of homespun jeans made out and out from the raw material by the deft fingers of his mother and sisters. It was generally known that Bill Smith, like a terrapin, carried everything he had on his back, while Jim Jones was laying up something for a rainy day.

Jim was brim full of fun and was making things lively at the party. Unluckily for him, he determined to work a practical joke on Bill Smith. He knew how

sensitive Bill was, but trusted to luck to pacify him. Just before the dance commenced he slipped around and pinned a large red bandana handkerchief to Bill Smith's coat tail. Bill danced up and down the room two or three times before he discovered that he was the cause of so much merriment. But when he detected the showy appendage dangling at his heels the fountains of his wrath broke loose and he vowed vengeance upon the man who had made such a spectacle of him in company.

Jim, poor fellow, begged pardon and then tried to laugh Bill into a good humor, but it only made matters worse.

The next day Bill Smith challenged Jim Jones to a settlement according to "the Code."

Jim promptly accepted the challenge, named the day two weeks thence, fixed the place in a large Indian old field, and chose to fight with short swords on horseback, the combatants to approach each other from opposite sides of the field at full gallop and to commence fighting as soon as they met.

Jim Jones thought it was a terrible thing to be killed or to kill a man over a bit of innocent Irish fun, while Bill Smith thought himself justifiable in exposing his own life or in taking the life of Jones in an effort to vindicate his wounded dignity.

This, however, is a foolish notion to which some minds cling with deathlike tenacity. Human life is too sacred a thing to be wantonly exposed to danger or destroyed, unless for good cause.

But so it was—they were to fight! The terms and conditions of the deadly encounter had all been arranged

according to a "code" that could have originated nowhere else than in hell, or—next to it—in a depraved human heart.

Bill Smith owned the finest horse in Winston county—a large, spirited dappled gray. During the interval between the challenge and the fatal meeting he put himself and his fine horse through a regular course of training in short sword exercise. He spent from two to four hours a day in the saddle cutting and cleaving the air with his sword and in warding off imaginary blows and making imaginary thrusts. In his own mind he was a great hero, but to cool-headed people he looked like a fool—which he was.

All this time Jim Jones was at home at work, keeping his own counsel and receiving the advice of his friends with a smile of indifference. When any one told him—as plenty of people were ready to do—of the preparations being made by his antagonist, and of his pompous boasts of what he was going to do and of how he would make mince-meat out of Jim Jones, Jim would quickly say:

"I will run Bill off that field!"

The proposed duel was of course a profound secret, but like most secrets of the kind, it spread far and wide, but always under the lock and key of secrecy.

When the fatal day came, as fatal days always do sooner or later come, more than a hundred men were on the ground fully two hours before the time of battle arrived.

It is wonderful what interest a fight of any kind, even a dog fight, will stir up in the bosoms of some men!

Ten minutes before the time Bill Smith rode up on his side of the field, where those had gathered who sided with him in this affray. He was dressed up within an inch of his life, and his fine horse, now richly caparisoned, never showed so well before.

Bill's friends thought him the very impersonation of chivalry and true courage, and could not repress a cheer as he rode upon the ground, his new sword gleaming in the sunlight.

Presently Jim Jones rode up among his friends on his side of the field, astride a bob-tailed Indian pony, known to be twenty years old. His entire outfit, sword and all, was in keeping with the pony he rode. Hanging across his saddle were six old tin pans and twelve large gourds—three pans and six gourds on each side of his pony. A broad smile spread over Jim's face as curious eyes peered at his turnout. A deep voice said:

"Ah, boys, that is Jim Jones exactly; he will win the day!"

After some little parleying the seconds—always willing parties to the crime of dueling—gave the word of command from their station in the center of the field.

The contestants started at a gallop, though Jim Jones had hard work to get his bob-tailed pony under way. They came swooping down upon each other, Jim's tin pans and gourds making a most unearthly noise. When about one hundred yards apart Bill Smith's fine horse stopped short, threw up his head and snorted ominously. In a moment more he took the bit in his teeth and broke off obliquely across the field as if running for his life.

Jim Jones filed right after him, calling out at the top of his voice:

"Stop, Bill! I'm not going to hurt you; stop, Bill, and let's make friends."

The spectators joined in the race, which was continued for a mile and a half, when the pony gave out and Jim had to stop.

The friends of both parties came up, convulsed with laughter and crowned Jim Jones the "Prince of Jokers," and urged Bill Smith to an amicable adjustment of the matter, as it would be a pity to kill a fellow as good natured as Jim Jones. They made friends, and lived and died on good terms.

This duel cured Bill Smith of his pride and helped to make a man of him. This was the first and only duel ever fought in Winston county.*

From Gilderoy's Stories. 60c. By permission of Author.

"UNTO HIM WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

(May this be *my* aim in all I say and do!)
When you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight,—
To be kept from all evil at home and abroad,
Live always as under the "eye of the Lord."
Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know.
Whatever you say, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.
Whatever you read, though the page may allure,
Read nothing of which you have doubt, or are sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look
If God should say, solemnly, "Show Me that book!"
Whatever you write, in haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read.
Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear could displease.
Wherever you go, never go where you fear
God's question being asked you, "What doest thou here?"
Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth, or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing,
Were God to look down and say,—
"What are you doing?"

—*Anon.*

A POSTOFFICE QUESTION.

"Millie, I wish you would bring my mail from the office before you go to church."

Judge Mason's daughter hesitated a moment, and then said: "Papa, do you think the postoffice should be kept open on Sunday?"

"It does not concern us whether it should or should not; it *is* open, and I may as well have the benefit of it."

"I think, papa, it is wrong to keep it open. Those men ought to have the whole day for rest. Charlie Warren used to be as good a boy as could be found in this town till he went into the postoffice to work. He used to attend both church service and Sunday school; now he works until noon, and then roams about the streets with a cigar in his mouth, and has begun to visit the saloon that is fitted up so elegantly on the corner opposite the postoffice. His mother is broken-hearted. And, papa, nearly every boy in this town that is running down and turning out badly started by taking situations where they had to work Sundays. I hope you will excuse me, father dear, but ought *you* not to rest from business one day in seven? Could you not as well let the letters lie over till Monday?"

"Well, daughter, if it troubles your conscience to do this errand for me I will excuse you."

The judge did not quite like his daughter's queries, and so evaded replying directly, but he could not shake off the impression left by her words.

He knew that the Sunday mail was a mere matter of convenience, not at all a necessity, for he had been all his life without one until they opened the office on Sundays two years before; and business never suffered then for want of a Sunday mail.

Mildred felt sorry to displease her father, but the truth was it did trouble her conscience to go for the mail. She felt it was better to have nothing to do with what she considered wrong, and did not like to countenance those open doors by calling for her father's letters.

The Judge prided himself on being an upright man, and he studied Mildred's question till he was satisfied that the golden rule and the best interests of the young people required the postoffice closed on Sunday, and that no interests would suffer thereby. He never sent for the mail again on Sunday, and is now at work circulating a petition that the office should be closed on that day. He believes that if many towns would do this, a sentiment would be created that would release the 150,000 postal employes from their Sunday slavery.

PLEA FOR POSTMEN.

Extract From a Letter.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 18th.

Do you know that the postmen of this city are obliged to be in the office from ten till twelve on every other Sabbath, and at the Hyde Park and Cottage Grove

stations *every* Sabbath? The postoffice of London, England, is not opened from Saturday evening till Monday morning, and one of the men here told me that he felt sure if the *Christian* people would not send for their mail that day there would be much more chance of their being closed here. He spoke wishfully of the fact of so much being done to close the gates of the fair on Sunday, and added that he wished some one would show the thoughtful, earnest Christians of this city what *their* influence might do towards bringing about such a change of affairs as would allow the postmen an opportunity to attend church.

Won't you tell the public how much the postmen need their Sabbaths and how great *their* responsibility is in the matter? Very respectfully,

A POST-OFFICE CLERK.

POOR BOYS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was a farmer.

Senator Farwell was a surveyor of land.

A. T. Stewart began life as a school teacher.

J. Gould was a surveyor and sold maps at $1.50 each.

George W. Childs was a book-seller's errand boy at a salary of $4 a month.

John Wanamaker began business life at a salary of $1.25 a week.

Andrew Carnegie began his business career in a telegraph office in Pittsburg at a weekly salary of $3.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio River, until he was seventeen years of age.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.

A CATECHISM.

Who makes drunkards? Strong drink. Who sells strong drink? The saloon-keeper. What created the saloon? The law. Who makes the law? The legislator. Who makes the legislator? The people. Who are the people? We are the people. Shame, shame, shame on us!—*The Golden Rule.*

Holiness is the central thought and theme of the Holy Bible.

A GIRL'S TALK WITH GIRLS.

Girls, the qualities most needed in the formation of a well-rounded character are energy, common-sense and religion. With these the height of true success may be attained. Let us not despise the day of small things, but be willing to start at the bottom and toil upward with meekness, patience and perseverance, remembering that the completeness of character, like a home in heaven, is not reached by a single bound, but,

> "We build the ladder by which we rise,
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies."

We mount to its summits round by round. The girl who scorns any kind of honest and honorable means of support will never amount to very much in the world. But on the contrary, a girl of sterling worth, whose young life is manned, as a ship, by energy, purpose, and a determined will, who fears not to do faithfully and cheerfully what her hands find to do, whether it be in the parlor or the kitchen, will, as a matter of course, make her mark in the world, and her influence will be felt.

Some girl may say, "I cannot make anything of myself, because I am poor." "Where there is a will, there is a way." What a volume of truth is bound up in this well-worn proverb. How often have we seen and heard of young men and women who came from homes of poverty, struggled through school, studying and work-

ing hard, and graduated with honor—the pride of their Alma Mater. When they entered upon the broad field of life's action they fought as only loyal and thoroughly-equipped soldiers can fight, with determination, which counted in thinning the ranks of the enemy. How inspiring is the thought that nearly all our great men and women were of humble parentage, and had to struggle with poverty and difficulties before reaching the zenith of their glory. What an incentive this should be to every one who has to struggle with poverty, to labor under difficulties, but who has a desire to become useful to the world. Sometimes, the way may seem dark, without even a ray of light, only remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining.

"Be still, sad heart, cease thy repining,
Behind the clouds, the sun is shining."

These beautiful lines of Longfellow's have a deep and true meaning. How oft in the storm we are persuaded by the Evil One to believe that the sun has hidden his face forever from our sight, that we are destined to live in obscurity, the wretched creatures of a cruel fate. If we would only lift up our heads we would see that the storm had ceased, the clouds had parted, and the sun in all his golden splendor was casting his radiant beams of light athwart the earth. It may be true that we cannot all achieve great things, that we cannot all reach the topmostround of the ladder of fame, that we cannot all be Frances Willards and Florence Nightingales, but if we fill well the sphere in which we are placed, by the all-wise providence of God, it is suffi-

cient. Our reward will be as great proportionately as that of those who had greater talent and, in wider fields of opportunity, achieved greater things. What but war could have shown the real character and the sterling worth of such men as Washington, Jackson and Lee! Difficulties present opportunities, to surmount them begets strength. Hard places bring out the latent powers of the soul which lie dormant in the breast of every true man and noble woman.

It is said the goldfinch never sings so beautifully as when suffering the intensest pain. So let us not spend our time in seeking places of ease, but rather let us plunge into the thickest of the fight, first putting on the whole armour of God. Trusting in Him, we will never lose a battle, but through His grace will be more than conquerors, even through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us. SALLIE E. HOLT.

HOLINESS.

(Pentecost.)

Why do you say so much about Holiness? We have several reasons, among them the following:

1. Because the Bible says so much about it.

2. Because religious people generally say so little about it.

3. Because it is imperatively commanded of God, and we are His witnesses to the whole truth.

4. Because it does so much for us now, here in this life.

5. Because of what it promises us in the life beyond.

6. Because it is the only preparation for life, work, death, heaven, and the fellowship of God and the saints in light.

7. Because we love to talk about it; we are full of it; and from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

8. Because it glorifies God and exalts Jesus, who shed His blood that we might be made holy.

9. Because it is our occupation, our business; for He hath called us with a holy calling.

10. Because we have a perfect right to; our King says: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Now, allow us to ask you one question: Why don't you say more about it?"

DO NOT DO THINGS "JUST FOR NOW."

How many youths have sown the seeds of ultimate failure by doing things "just for now," temporarily, hoping to complete them later! They drop their articles of clothing just where they happen to remove them. You will find their collars, and cuffs, and neckties in one place at one time, and in another place at another time. When called away suddenly, or interrupted, they lay the thing which they happen to have in their hand down just where they are, expecting to put it in its place when they have more time, but this is a very dangerous delusion. The time to do a thing is now. It will take only a little longer to do it right; and, if it is not done right now, the chances are that it will never be.

A TALK WITH BOYS.

It has been said that if you would make a success of training a boy, you must capture him while young. Nothing is more true. But there comes a time when the training of a boy passes out of the hands of his parents and teachers. We do not mean that their influence and authority over him pass away, but we do mean that their efforts will amount to little, unless supplemented by his own co-operation.

To be a success in these days of stringent competition requires the full development of all the powers of a boy, no matter with what talents nature may have endowed him. To attain the highest culture, requires an all-round development, morally, mentally and physically. This demands both the abstaining from things hurtful, and the performing of things which strengthen one's powers. The most important quality of all is, of course, the building up of a strong character. Without this the finest body and mind become only instruments of evil, of which the arch-enemy of mankind is not slow to make use. Suppose Napoleon Bonaparte had been as strong in his moral character as he was mentally; instead of being the prince of bloodshed, he would have lifted France into the foremost place among the nations of the world intellectually, and today she would have been disseminating the gospel of liberty and peace throughout the world, instead of being a cesspool of rottenness and debauchery.

But, on the other hand, men of strong moral character, with undeveloped minds, may well be compared to the carpenter forced to work without tools. They have no influence, for those around them do not respect their opinions. Every opportunity to stow away in our minds any information that may be useful in after life should be seized, and years after, it may come to the rescue, in some tight place. Many of our foremost men have become walking encyclopaedias merely through attention to small facts and the saving of bits of knowledge which fell in their way.

Then, again: the importance of physical training and development is becoming more and more realized every day. We should educate our bodies up to their fullest capacity for service, as well as our minds. The highest development of ourselves in all our powers requires, First, an energetic, active course; second, an abstaining from those things which undermine our strength, several of which we would consider:

1. Cigarettes. The cigarette habit is now acknowledged to be the greatest peril of American boyhood. Its benumbing effect upon the mind is testified to, without exception, by the educators of the country. Its baneful effects upon the moral nature may be attested by a day in the police court of any of our great cities. That it undermines the physical being, is proven by the fact that no cigarette smoker is accepted by the foot-ball or basket-ball team of any first-class school; while it is almost impossible for a smoker to get an appointment to enter our military or naval academy.

2. Slackness of Habits. This we need not dwell upon.

It is one of the hardest faults to eradicate, one of the most difficult to correct.

3. Irreverence. How can the boy who has no admiration for, no reverence for, those above him, for his God, for the great men of his country ever accomplish anything? How can such an one have an ambition, an aim? and if he has no aim, how can he expect to see his arrow strike the target? This is a distinctive American fault; one which is rapidly becoming characteristic, and which should be avoided by anyone who wishes to rise above the "common herd."

We might run on indefinitely, but you can recognize these hindrances to the welfare of soul and body as well as the writer.

Our friends, our country, our God, demand our best. Shall we disappoint them, or with faith in the possibilities of American manhood, shake off the weights that would hold us down, and nobly fulfill our calling?

("Doctor.")

ALL BOY IF BOY AT ALL.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy, work, as a rule, means study. I am no advocate of senseless cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard at his lessons, in the first place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of settling to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying are all most certain to mean inability to get

on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older, it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into it. I do not believe in mischief-making in school hours, as this is the kind of animal spirits that make poor scholars; and I believe those boys who take part in rough, hard play out of school will not find any need of it.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard:
One glance most kind,
That felt like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if, through all the live-long day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"What a dull, dreary day!" How many times these words had been spoken; and how plainly were they expressed on the faces of the dozen passengers that afternoon. We were to change cars at this place, but on our arrival found that the train was two hours late, so there was no alternative but to wait.

It was a cold, rainy, November day; the streets were filled with mud; and a chilliness and gloom seemed reigning everywhere, even in the hearts and actions of the waiting passengers. No one seemed inclined to talk; so there we sat with long, sober faces, thinking what a dull, dreary day it was.

While we thus sat waiting, an old man entered the room, carrying in one hand a cane to support his feeble body, and in the other a basket filled with sundry articles for sale.

He approached the passengers, one by one, commending the usefulness, durability, and cheapness of his goods, but no sale did he make. One said that he had no use for such things; another said that she was well supplied already; another that he did not care to be bothered with such articles while traveling, and so on until the entire circle was made. And the manner of each one seemed to say to the old man that such an intrusion on his part was very unwelcome.

He had turned away and was leaving the room, when a lady, almost unnoticed before, approached him from a

remote corner where she had been reading, and desired to look at his goods. She first invited him to a comfortable seat; and then selected one after another of the useful little articles, until five or six had been stored away in the satchel.

In paying for her purchases the exact change could not be made, and several cents were due her, but she told him not to trouble himself to get so small an amount; that the goods were cheap and well worth the money she had paid him. The old man's face had brightened up during this transaction, and he expressed his gratitude by saying:

"I thank you, ma'am, with all my heart for this little trade. Business don't amount to much such a day as this; but I have to keep working all the harder, for you see we get hungry this kind o' weather as well as when the sun shines.

"'Twas so wet and muddy that I didn't go home to dinner today; and trade was so dull I couldn't afford to buy any, but 'twill be all right now, for I'll go home an hour earlier to-night."

He was again about to start off, when the lady asked him if he would not remain seated by the stove for a few minutes until her return. She then repaired to a lunch room connected with the depot, and soon came back with a nice lunch and a steaming cup of coffee, and asked the old man if he would not like a little refreshment before starting out in the cold rain.

What a look of honest surprise and gratitude beamed in his face. He thanked her quietly, for he seemed too deeply touched by her kindness to say much, and ate

the luncheon with a hearty relish. When he had finished he approached where the lady was sitting and said:

"You may be sure I won't forget your kindness, ma'am. It's not often that anybody takes any notice of a poor old man like me; and your kindness has warmed up the feelings of my heart as the coffee did my body. Good-day. And may God bless you all the days of your life."

The little group of passengers had been silent witnesses of the scene; and, as the old man turned to go, a gentleman stopped him, saying he would like one of his picture books for his little boy. But his purchase extended to several articles, and some of the others who had before refused to purchase, now bought quite liberally.

After thanking his customers, the old man went his way, much gratified at their liberality.

What a change had come over that room! If a sunbeam had burst through the dark, lowering clouds the effect could not have been greater. The lady, who was plain in her dress and retiring in her manner, resumed her seat in the remote corner.

The gentleman who bought the picture books approached her and said:

"We are strangers, but I want to thank you for the good which your little sermon has done me."

She looked at him in surprise as she asked:

"My little sermon, did you say, sir?"

"Yes, I am a minister and have preached many years, and should be very glad to know that one of my

sermons ever did the good that your act of kindness has done."

The lady modestly replied that she had done no more than to obey the Golden Rule.

The mental clouds had disappeared by this time, and a friendly conversation sprang up among the passengers.

The time of waiting that had commenced so gloomily, passed away in the most pleasant and cheerful manner, and we all felt that it was due to the power of one little act of kindness.

FOUR T'S.

There are four T's too apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon:

Our Thoughts.
Oft when alone they take them wings,
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper.
Who in the family guards it best,
Soon has control of all the rest.

Our Tongue.
Know when to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our Time.
Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say
He's overtaken yesterday? —*Sel.*

THE HONEST GOLD DOLLAR.

"Here's your evenin' paper, all about the money panic!"

It was a dark winter night; the keen winds whistled and howled through the naked limbs of the trees, and the snowflakes, driven about by the capricious breeze, piled up in huge drifts in the Boston streets.

Under a lamp-post, clad in not the thickest, or fashionable clothing, stood little Jimmy Graham, stamping his feet to keep them warm, and crying between his alternate attempts to warm his fingers with his breath: "Here's your evenin' paper, all about the money panic; las' one I got!"

The door of a large, brilliantly-lighted dry-goods house just opposite where Jimmy stood opened, and a voice called out:

"Here, boy!"

Jimmy hastened over with alacrity, and, handing in the paper, took the penny in his red, cold hand, and hurried off to join his more fortunate companions, who had disposed of their papers, and stood congregated under an archway close by.

"All out, Jimmy?" said one of the largest boys, as Jimmy came up brushing the snow from his cap and clothes.

"Yes, I'm out—every one gone!" answered Jimmy, cheerfully.

Jimmy took out his well-worn purse to count his

money. He drew his last deposit from his pocket and was about to put it in his purse when an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it, Jimmy?" the boys said simultaneously, gathering about him.

"Why, it's a gold dollar, instead of a cent!" answered Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the boys. "That's good luck, Jimmy; let's have oysters on that."

"No," interposed another boy, patting Jimmy affectionately on the shoulder, "we'll go to the theater."

The archway, while furnishing protection from the storms, also served as a short cut for pedestrians who lived in that section. On this particular night, travel was unusually lively, but the boys, as they stood under the dim gas-light looking at the gold piece, paid no heed to the passers-by.

Jimmy was silent for a moment. He turned the glittering coin over and over in his hand, the boys still persuading him. The temptation was great.

"Now, come, Jimmy, we can have a grand time to-night. Nobody will ever question you about where you got the extra money," persisted one of the boys.

"See here, boys," presently spoke up Jimmy, "I'm not goin' to buy oysters, nor I'm not goin' to the theater. I'm goin' to take this money back."

"Listen at this little idiot!" ridiculed one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy, you don't know where you got him."

"Oh, but I do, though," was Jimmy's positive an-

swer. "I got it from the man in the store where I sold the last paper."

"An' you ain't a-goin' to treat on your luck?" asked Ned Anderson.

"Not much; mammy told me never to keep a cent when I knowed who it belonged to, an' I ain't a-goin' to do it. It's not honest!"

And before any of his companions could reply, Jimmy had disappeared in the dark, blinding storm and was soon at home, where he told his mother all about his adventure.

His mother commended him for his noble action, and instructed him how to conduct himself when he entered the store to return the money.

The next morning found him up early, and he impatiently waited the hour at which he supposed the proprietor would be in.

As he entered the store, he addressed one of the clerks in a pleasant manner.

"Why, my little man," said the clerk pleasantly, "you can not see Mr. ——; he's busy in his office."

"But I have something for him, an' I ought to see him," persisted Jimmy respectfully.

"Well, I'll report to him," said the clerk, entering the private apartment.

Presently he came to the door and beckoned to Jimmy, saying that he was permitted to enter.

Jimmy was somewhat confused, as he stood in the presence of the old gentleman, who eyed him curiously from over his spectacles.

"Well, what's your business?" came the gruff demand.

"Why, sir," said Jimmy, with diffidence, "last night I sold you a paper, an' you give me this dollar for a cent."

And he put the gold piece on the desk.

"Did I? Let me see," and the old gentleman, fumbling in his pockets, drew forth a penny.

"Well, well, so I did. But who told you to bring it back?"

"Mammy, sir. She always told me never to keep a penny, nor any money I got, if I knowed who it belonged to."

"Good advice—excellent advice, my boy. And now you may not only keep the dollar, but come around here tomorrow, and I'll see if I can not find you something better than selling papers."

Jimmy hurried home to tell his mother all about it, and the next day he was installed as errand boy, and so diligently and faithfully did he attend to his duty that he was elevated as he grew older and soon became one of the foremost and most trusted clerks in the great Boston dry goods establishment.

Jimmy kept his dollar, and it was known among his former associates as the "Honest Gold Dollar."—*Selected.*

Mistress: I am not quite satisfied with your references. Applicant: Nayther am I, mum; but they's the best I could get.

DON'T FRET.

Don't fret if your neighbor earns more than you do,
Don't frown if he gets the most trade;
Don't envy your friend if he rides in a coach—
Don't mind if you are left in the shade.

Don't rail at the school-boy who fails in his task,
Nor envy the one that succeeds;
Don't laugh at the man who is poverty's slave,
Nor think the rich never have needs.

'Tis not wisdom to covet our neighbor's good gifts;
We would seldom change places, I ween,
If we knew all our neighbors' affairs as our own,
For things are oft not what they seem.

You don't know what you say when you envy a man,
Either fortune, or friends, or a home;
His fortune and friends may be only in name,
And his home far less blest than your own.

You may know the old adage, which teaches the fact,
That a skeleton's hidden somewhere;
If not found in the library, kitchen or hall,
It is hid in the closet with care.

So don't envy the blest, nor despise the outcast,
Don't judge by the things which you see—
Make the burdens of men as light as you can,
And the lighter your burden will be. —*Anon.*

AIR CASTLES.

The following pointed sayings are from W. K. Staley's book, "Air Castles."

Woman was made before looking glasses. She still maintains her position.

Native humor is nature's contribution to the bright side of life.

A good thing to tie two—Matrimony.

If silence is golden, how is it that every deaf and dumb man is not a millionaire?

A little man with a big opinion of himself is like the nubbin—there isn't much left after he's shucked.

The entrance to the saloon is the exit to the stage of usefulness.

The floor of the saloon is the roof over hell.

The man who patronises the saloon rarely rides, except to prison or his own funeral.

The saloon is tatooing the lives of thousands of our promising youth with the indelible ink of disgrace.

The divorce judge, like a poor orthographist, makes a good many "misses."

Always on the run—the candidate.

There is an end to everything, especially a bumble-bee.

Knowledge and ignorance are landlord and tenant on the estate of life.

Money can purchase a ride through life, but it gives no transfer at the end of the route.

The morning of life is the time to sow the seeds of immortality in the garden of the soul.

The same key that opens the way to present activity, fits the lock on the door of future success.

Whatever else may be said of the cook, he has sense enough to let "well-dun" alone.

The philosopher, like the tailor, cuts out a good many more patterns than he uses himself.

A wise choice wears well.

Matrimony is the splice of life.

People who easily fly off the handle never soar very high.

The Chicago girl is not necessarily a goose, though she is largely made up of feathers and feet.

The man who starves his soul in this life will find there is no room for spiritual dwarfs in the world above.

(The book from which these extracts are taken, as the reader may judge, is intensely interesting. Price 10c, this office.)

STOP AND WEIGH.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home, they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"That is not true, you young villain!" said the countryman, still enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to have stopped and weighed your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved, if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

COLLEGE BOYS.

The following sensible and suggestive paragraph is from the late distinguished Southern statesman, Alexander H. Stephens. We commend his wise words to our young friends at college: "In my rooms we talked, laughed, told stories, more than in any room in college. But there never was any dissipation in it; neither liquor nor cards were ever introduced; nor were indecent stories or jests ever allowed. I treated as much in the way of fruit, melons, and knicknacks, in season, as any other boy in college; and yet my average annual expenses were only two hundred and five dollars. Tobacco was not on my list."

If you must use liquor to keep warm have it in your boots rather than in your brains.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. 10:31.

Rosalie kneeling beside her little bed, saying her prayers at evening, always murmured after a devout little "amen" some soft word, whose meaning her aunt could not catch. One evening she questioned the child. "Rosalie, what is it that you say every night after you have finished your prayer?" "Aunty," said Rosalie, solemnly, "I just say: 'Dear Lord, this is Rosalie Pittman praying now.' You see so many little girls pray at just this same time and I thought I'd best say which was me."

Dear old Uncle Martin came to visit at Fred's home, and at the table Fred's papa asked the old gentleman to say the blessing. This was something new to the boy, so after the short silence which followed, Fred looked up and said, in a very serious tone: "Papa, you'd better learn Uncle Martin's piece."

Drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, eternal and incurable wounds. A witch to the sense, a demon to the soul, a thief to the purse, a guide to beggary, lechery and villainy. It's the wife's foe, and the children's sorrow; it makes a man wallow worse than a beast, and act like a fool.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of another's fault,
  Pray, don t forget your own:
Remember those in homes of glass
  Should seldom throw a stone,
If we have nothing else to do
  But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
  And from that point begin.

We have no right to Judge a man
  Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
  We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has **not,**
  The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
  Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
  And find it works full well;
To try my own defect to cure
  Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
  No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
  The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
  To slander friend or foe,

Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Let's speak not of another's faults
Till free from all our own.

—*Unknown.*

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
  Or cater to a friend,
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
  To borrow or to lend.
    The faults of men
    Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe,
    For friends and debts
    And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
  In drudging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
  Is cheaply bought with pain.
    A humble lot,
    A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings;
    For station high
    That wealth will buy
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
  Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth
  That nothing pays that's wrong;
    The good and pure
    Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success;
    While what is right
    In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless! —*Anon.*

"JUST MY LUCK."

If the boy who exclaims "Just my luck" was truthful he would say, "Just my laziness," or "Just my inattention." Mr. Cobden wrote proverbs about "Luck and Labor." It would be well for boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck relies on chance, labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence; labor strides upward to independence.—*Watchman.*

MERCY DEPARTMENT.

We feel that this book for the young would be incomplete without a "Mercy Department." So we submit a few choice articles intended to beget a spirit of tenderness and kindness toward all God's creatures. A cruel boy or girl will make a heartless man or woman. It was Jesus who said "Blessed are the merciful." May God give us all tender hearts.

SIMON GRUB'S DREAM.

I should not wonder if the following poem should be read as widely as *"Black Beauty,"* and be recited as often in schools and Sunday Schools as *"Ben Hazzard's Guests."* It is another chapter of the gospel of humanity to God's lower creatures. GEO. T. ANGELL.

The text was this: *"Inasmuch as ye*
Have done it to these ye have done it to me."
Soon Simon slept, for 'twas sultry weather,
And the dream and the sermon went on together.

He dreamed that he died and stood at the gate
Of the outer court where the angels wait
For those who hear the glad "well done,"
And can enter the realms of the Holy One.

While Simon waited and wondered if he
Had forgotten the pass-word, or lost the key,
A voice above him said, loud and clear,
"Do you know you must bring your witnesses here?"

"Of witnesses there are many," said he;
"My brethren and neighbors will all speak for me!"
But the brethren and neighbors came not near,
And he heard only a whinny, familiar and clear;

And old *Grayfoot*, the horse, stood just at his right,
While around on the other side, just coming in sight,
Was a crowd of dumb creatures so forlorn and so poor
That the angel wept as he opened the door.

Then Simon grew pale and, trembling with fear,
Said, "*O why are not some of the brethren here?*
Pray wait, pray wait, they'll surely come."
'Twas *Grayfoot* that spoke then, and Simon was dumb.

"On wintry nights I've stood in my stall
When the cold winds blew through the cracks in the wall,
Till every joint and sinew and bone
Seemed frozen and dead as the coldest stone.

I've shivered the dreary time away
With only some wisps of the poorest hay;
Then put to work with shout and blow,
So hungry and faint I could scarcely go."

Then old Brindle came and with soft brown eyes
Fixed on her master in sad surprise,
Told a pitiful tale of starvation and cold,
And how he had sold *her food* for gold.

The poor *sheep* told their story, too,
Of bitter wrongs their whole life through;
Turned out in cold and stormy weather
To starve and freeze and cry together.

They were lowly cries, *but they turned to prayer,*
And floating upwards had rested there,
Close by the ear of Him who says,
"I will hear the cries of my poor always."

The old house dog, though treated ill,
Came near and fawned on his master still,
Because the love these dumb things know
Is more than human, more faithful, more true.

Then conscience woke, like some torpid thing
That is brought to life by the sun in spring,
And it lashed and stung him like poisoned thongs,
As memory brought him his train of wrongs,
Forgetting nothing of word or deed,
Of cruel blows or selfish greed.

His cruelly-treated friends that were dumb,
Would they follow him on through the ages to come?
Must we see them forever gaunt, hungry and cold?
For *"time and eternity never grow old."*

How oft in dumb pleading they'd asked a caress
From his hands that had beaten and starved them!
Ah, yes,
He remembered it all, and it stung him to know
That the love they had craved had been met only with blow.

O could he live over the life that was past,
And leave out his sins, to stand here at last
With a soul that was white for a happier fate:
Was it conscience that whispered, "Too late, too late!"

He'd cruelly passed over life's narrowing track,
Till remorse claimed its own,—*for that never turns back*:
And sins scarce remembered, remembered too late,
Grew black as he saw them from heaven's barred gate.

'Twas in vain that he strove to speak to say
Those sweet old words, "Forgive, I pray;"
Sin's last sad cry: *he was silent there;*
He was dumb, with such woeful need of prayer.

Then voices seemed floating on every *breeze*:
"Ye did it to these, ye did it to these."
Go hence, be homeless, go starve and freeze:
"Ye did it to these, ye did it to these."

"And when you are faint and weary with woe
You will still hear the shout, you will still feel the blow,

While a voice from which you shall never be free
Will whisper beside you, '*Ye did it to me.*'"

But hark! What melody over him rolls?
Do the angels sing requiems over lost souls?
His last hope had fled. In an agony new
He awoke,—*to find himself safe in his pew.*
What his dumb friends thought none ever knew
When food was plenty and blows were few,
But the teacher who follows us ever it seems
Gives His strongest lessons sometimes in dreams.

Remember, dear friends, that the lips that are dumb
May be those that will speak when our time shall come
To stand at the entrance, and watch and wait
For the angel to open or close the gate.

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THE DOG.

The dog craves food; *but he also craves affection.* A life higher than his own is needed for his happiness. He looketh at the hand of his master as the inferior looketh at the superior when itself is great enough to discover greatness. *The dog finds deity in his master. From him he takes law and love both. From him he receives joy so intense that even his master marvels at it, and wonders that so slight a motion of his hand, so brief an utterance from his lips, can make any being so hap-*

py. It is because the dog can receive so much, that thought ranks him so high. And the capacity of receptiveness gives accurate measurement and gradation to animals and to men.—*Murray.*

GREY FRIARS' BOBBY.

This is the story of Grey Friars' Bobby:—"A poor man died, and was buried in this graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only mourner a little Scotch terrier. On the two succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave, and drove him away with hard words, dogs being against the rules.

"The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found him shivering on the new-made grave, he hadn't the heart to drive him away, and gave him something to eat.

"From that time, the dog made the churchyard his home every night for twelve years and five months. No matter how cold or wet or stormy the night, he could not be induced to stay away from the beloved spot, and if shut up would howl dismally.

"Every day, when the castle gun was fired at ten o'clock, he went punctually to a restaurant near by where the proprietor fed him. The Lord Provost of Edinburg, exempted him from the dog tax, and to mark his admiration of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar inscribed, 'Grey Friars' Bobby, presented by the Lord Provost, of Edinburgh.'

"He had many friends and visitors, and many, be-

side the men employed about the yard, tried to win his affections; but he refused to attach himself to any one person. For twelve years and five months he kept his watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly of old age, and was buried in a flower-bed near by. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but an expensive marble fountain was erected to the memory of his homeless dog, and the sculptor was paid twenty-five hundred dollars for the model of the bronze statue of Bobby, which sits on top of it."

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:—
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."

They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their feet,
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and hurt me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime.
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.

Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

A TRUE HERO.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on to the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was

the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect, and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again, the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men, and frolicking boys had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

Dare we assert that when the limp body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track, the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness?—*Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.*

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty-second, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and

picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner, and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said,—

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one,—"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said,—

"Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The Bands of Mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*J. M. H., in "School and Home," St. Louis.*

Small Boy—"Pa, when they install a minister, do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "No, my son, *they harness him to the church, and expect him to draw it alone.*"

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavements of a steep hill, up which loaded wogans and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old

woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests, that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor, overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved, and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.—*Rev. F. M. Todd.*

THE INNER VOICE.

I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the

shallow water. I lifted the sticky in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion till the turtle had vanished from sight.

I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, *but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man.* If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. *Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.*"

PARKER.

WHAT DO THE CHILDREN READ?

Tell me, oh doting parents,
  Counting your household joys,
Rich in your sweet home-treasures,
  Blest in your girls and boys;
After the school is over,
  Each little student freed,
After the fun and frolic,

What do the children read?
Dear little heads bent over,
Scanning the printed page;
Lost in the glowing picture,
Sowing the seeds for age.
What is the story, mother?
What is the witching theme,
Set like a feast before them,
Bright as a golden dream?

IN THE FEVER OF DELIRIUM.

(Surely every boy, and indeed, every one else, who reads this terrific description of the effects of strong drink will be a total abstainer from all intoxicants forever. L. L. P.)

There was sulphur in the air. I could smell the brimstone burning. A cutting crash of thunder pierced my throbbing senses, the darkened heavens parted and the devil appeared in the night, horns, barbed tail, cloven hoofs, and all. I shuddered.

A green-eyed snake with the lightning's forked tongue raised itself at my feet and glared into my face. I turned to flee.

A hideous, hairy monster with a hundred heads, a thousand arms, and a million gleaming eyes was ready to clasp me in its horrible embrace. A great harpy hovered over me in the poisoned air, working its awful talons and bringing its beak nearer and nearer to my bursting brain.

The devil had descended from the riven clouds and was seated on a high mountain, wrapped in a flame of fire, looking down on the scene in Satanical glee.

An inward fire was consuming me. My tongue was parched and clove to the roof of my mouth, burning, and with awful fear.

I saw the Prince of Darkness open his lips, and a voice issued forth that seemed to sear the marrow of my bones. The earth rent in twain at my feet, and I tum-

bled forward into the abyss. A myriad hairy arms and slimy bodies wrapt about my person as I fell.

I felt the cold coils of serpents about my neck. They were hissing their poisonous breath into my ears. The nervous strain overcame my senses and I knew no more. When I awoke glasses were clinking. I called for a drink. A serpent sprang from the cup and sank its fangs deep into my lip as I looked on the fiery drug of destruction.

I looked at the keeper of this house. His eyes were green. A coal of living fire seemed to glow on his nose above a pair of bloodless lips, and the poison of hell seemed to fall from his forked tongue. I saw in him the archfiend of the devil.

Young men were laughing at the bar and drinking the fiery poison. I tried to cry out to warn them, but my tongue was powerless now to stay the flood of the tempter. The earth trembled and brimstone again filled the air; a mighty explosion carried us forward. We alighted amongst the corpses of the dead. The air was fetid with the sickening odor of decaying flesh.

I could see the black souls of drunkards crawl from the unsightly bodies and fall into the glowing furnace of hell-fire that cast its red glare upward from the bottomless regions.

Far away in the blue sky my blood-shot eye could discern a beautiful picture steal slowly upward on the azure heavens. It was the picture of a once happy home. Children played about the door. Everything appeared clean and well-kept. Roses and beautiful flowers bloomed in the little garden. The happy mother

smiled down on her children. The father came home from his daily work with a smiling face. He lifts the toddling infant and kisses its ruddy cheeks as he passes into the house to partake of the evening meal.

The picture vanishes from the heavenly screen; through a red mist comes another into view. It is the same home, but only the skeleton is there. Tall, unsightly weeds grow in the little garden, hiding the serpents that crawl and hiss in the wild solitude. The decayed boards are falling from the rickety fences. Three or four half-starved children with thin, white lips, hollow cheeks, unkept hair, and dirty, ragged clothes, look with a vacant stare about them, not caring to play. Through the open door the hollow-eyed, broken-hearted mother bends herself wearily above an old, worn wash tub.

The picture remains on the screen. The world turns black, and begins to sink beneath me. I sink down, down, till the lowest depths of hell are reached.

I see the wheels of a chariot of fire almost on me. It is Satan, driving like the whirlwind a team of blood-red horses snorting fire and brimstone. The chariot wheels crush me and I sink into oblivion.

When I awake, I look up to find a white-gowned nurse bending above me. I seemed to have slept the sleep of the dead. I am very weak. In the delirium of drink, I had wandered into the street, where I had been run down by the fire engine dashing to the scene of conflagration.

I look back over the past with an intense loathing, and register a vow, that, if God spares me, I will drink

no more, but will go back to the once happy home of my beloved wife and children and try to retrieve the past.—Alva Snyder, in The Search-Light.

A REVIVAL COMBINATION FOR GREAT POWER—A LEAFLET AND A LITTLE CHILD.

On the banks of the Mississippi river a few years ago, there was a little child attending a great tent meeting, and, also, an old hardened sinner was attending. One day in the meeting, the child asked the evangelist, "Will you give me another leaflet?" Said he, "What do you want with it?" She replied, "I gave the one I had to a man yesterday, and to-day he came to me and said, "My little friend, I was the wickedest man in all this country, but in giving me that tract, you saved my soul." And now, Brother Evans," said she, "I want to save another." Yes, truly, "a little child shall lead them." "WILD BILL" EVANS.

THE VALUE AND COMFORT OF A CHILD IN THE HOME.

REV. W. H. EVANS.

Gracie Evans was a loving, obedient Christian all her short life of ten years. She was baptized in infancy, and at the age of eight years confirmed in the church. She was very devotional, and had a secret place of prayer. With golden hair and ruby lips, wth bright, blue eyes and innocent life, she has stood by the side of her care-worn mother, and after carefully taking in the situation has said: "Mamma, I will ask the Lord to bless you," and off she would run to her place of prayer. And very soon have I seen the sorrowful mother brush away her tears. Upon Gracie's return,she would say, "Mamma, I asked the Lord to help you bear your trouble," and the mother's reply was, "Yes, I know it, and He has; bless my darling child." This little Christian was the picture of health, but suffered, oh, so much! with an internal affliction many long nights and days. After careful consideration by some of the most skilled doctors, they decided that a surgical operation was needful for her recovery. "But," said she to her parents: "Papa has not the money, and I will ask the Lord to cure me."

That night she prayed her usual prayer of child-like form and faith, and added: "And now, O God, papa has no money; won't you cure my side, for Jesus' sake Amen." Then said she, looking up to her mother, "He

will, won He?" The parents were at a loss to know just what to say in reply, and the father sat up until 11 o'clock that night, expecting to have (as many nights before) to administer to the suffering child's wants. He then, however, retired, only to discover in the morning, that the child had been instantly cured the night before, in answer to her prayer, and this affliction never again returned.

At another time, learning of her father's financial embarrassment, she was heard, in the family prayer, to add to hers, these words, "Lord, bless papa and help him to have good meetings, and make the people willing to pay him money enough to pay his honest debts." This was repeated each night until the return of the father from an evangelistic trip, and after the same prayer on that night, he called the child to him, and tenderly said, "Gracie, your prayers have been answered." And she replied, "Yes, papa, the Lord always answers my prayers." Then the father told her, "The people have paid me more than enough money to pay my debts, and they have been wonderfully blessed of the Lord, and many saved and sanctified, and many added to the church."

Any one who supports the preaching of the gospel would have been more than repaid for all they ever did, could they have seen the sweet, beautiful picture of gratitude as expressed by that little Christian girl in commingled tears and smiles. When she left for Heaven some years ago, there lingered in the minds of all who knew her, the assurance that she demonstrated the will of God, in her short life, and gracefully responded to the call of Him she loved so dearly, and trusted so sweet-

ly, even of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA.

Little Corrie Waskom was a bright golden-haired boy of eight and a half years, well advanced in his books but modest and retiring in his manners—yet winning his way to the hearts of all who knew him. His father, Mr. S. E. Waskom, lived at Waskom, Harrison Co., Texas, on the Texas & Pacific railroad; he also owned a farm in Kaufman County and spent much of his time there, occasionally taking one of his little sons with him for company and the child's pleasure. The last week in June Corrie accompanied him, and one day while playing in the yard he was attacked by a rabid dog and bitten in four places on the hands and arm. No time was lost in hastening him to the mad stone and securing the aid of the best physicians. The wounds healed and hopes were entertained that no bad results would follow. The child seemed as cheerful as usual until the 8th of August, when alarming symptoms were the prelude of fatal illness. The morning of the 9th found the family clothed in gloom, for hydrophobia had seized that precious child of innocence and purity; hope had fled and despair was depicted on every face. There was something terrible in the hour that brought to that family such an awful realization of their fears. Many sympathizing relatives and friends assembled to as-

sist in nursing the little sufferer, but they all stood powerless in the presence of intense agony. He never lost consciousness, but knew and talked to every one about him; his nervous system and haggard countenance told plainly his physical sufferings; he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep after he was taken, and no remedies produced repose. The paroxysms were very severe, and no cessation of pain during periods intervening, until Sunday, the 10th, about 10 o'clock a.m., when his thoughts turned from this world to the one he knew he was soon to enter. The little delinquencies of his brief life rose like a mountain before him; he was not the least excited, but fully realized he must die and talked calmly of his prospects in eternity. He said, "I would be willing to die if I knew I was ready." Encouraging passages of Scripture were repeated to him, such as, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He replied, "That means babies"—see Luke 18:15—"but I am old enough to know right from wrong, and know that I have committed sin; before I was taken sick, I wrote down all my sins on a piece of paper, and the other day I looked for it but could not find it, though I remember them all and will just bundle them together and take them to Jesus and ask him to forgive me." Thus he seemed to have a presentiment of what would follow. He called for his step-grandmother and asked her if she thought Jesus would forgive him for all the wrong things he had ever done; she assured him that God

would certainly forgive all if he asked him. They talked about faith which she made clear and plain to him. He said: "Grandma, I have been praying to God to forgive me; last night I could not sleep and prayed ten times; now I want papa to come and pray for me." About noon the father knelt beside the bed requesting all present to join him in prayer for his afflicted darling. O, what a prayer came gushing from his bleeding heart for a blessing upon his child, and what a response from above. The child prayed with his father, and their earnest pleadings ascended directly to the throne of grace and obtained immediate audience there, according to the promise of our Saviour, who said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18:19. "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit; many are the afflictions of the righteous but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." When the prayer was ended, the scene changed and a flood of light seemed to break upon us from the Sapphire throne. That dear child's face, heretofore distorted by convulsions, changed expression, and was all aglow with a divine light; his eye sparkled with a new lustre, and his tongue spoke with a holy rapture as if the very harps of heaven were stealing down. Joy and peace illuminated his countenance as he appeared to emerge from the furnace, reflecting back the image of his Master; a

sweet, seraphic smile played upon his countenance as he said, "I am all right now, papa, and want to talk some. I am going to die, and am sorry to leave you all; can't you go with me? I am going now to live with my dead mama." Stamping his feet on the bed, for he could not clap his little hands, all drawn up as they were from the fatal wounds and paroxysms, he said, "The angels are coming, papa—I see them coming. Oh! I am *so* happy." He asked how long after he died before his spirit would go to heaven, and wanted to know if his body would afterward go there too. He was left motherless in infancy. His father's health had forced him to leave his little ones to the care of their grandfather and aunt, with the assistance of an old colored woman, who nursed their mother, and still remained with the family. He became a special pet of his grandfather, and while talking to those around him, he never forgot that venerable loved one who was miles away, and asked, "Have you sent for grandpa to come? I wish I could see him before I die; but he will be at my burial; tell him how I love him, and that I will *soon* see him in heaven, for he is getting old, and I know he is good." These words seemed prophetic, for that grief-stricken grandfather arrived just in time to attend the funeral, and soon followed little Corrie to the realms of bliss. He then exhorted every one around him to live for God, and meet him in glory. He said, "Papa, tell every body to come. I love them all, and if Jesus will let me, I will come and show you all the way

to heaven when you die." An illuminated expression of love now overspread his face as he said in a low, softened tone of voice, "God is good, oh, so good;" but then added with great solemnity, "I tell you He *will* punish the wicked; I mean just what I say." Sometimes he seemed to stand on Pisgah's mount, and look over and beyond the mists and vapors of this vale of shadows and feast his soul with views of the better land—to soar away and be with Jesus; and during these flights he would talk to his Saviour as he did to us here below; his pure spirit was vibrating between this and the unknown beyond. At one time while lying still and gazing upward he said, "I see them coming." His father then said, "My son, talk to us as long as you can, and tell us all you see on your journey. Who did you see coming?" He answered, "Angels, papa, but I do not know them all yet. There is sister Viola and little Nannie (his twin sister who died in infancy) and our little Buddie, too. Now I see mama and Aunt Eliza; how fast my mama comes." Then he talked to some one, calling the name Georgie. Being asked to whom he spoke, he replied, "Why, papa, it is grandma's little girl who died a long time ago;" she was a sister to his dear step-mother and had been dead over thirty years. He then addressed his Saviour, saying, "Please, Jesus, bear me up; do not let me fall. I was so sick down yonder in my old home; am weak and can't go fast." He said, "Jesus does not talk loud, but I can hear Him." He then became perfectly enraptured with

the heavenly beauties which unfolded themselves to his view, and said, "I am up in the clouds now, and I see a hole away up yonder in the skies—yes, I am going in, too. Oh! what is that I see now? It looks like a big, fine hotel, but so much larger and more beautiful; it is God's house. What pretty fruit! How much nicer than we had down yonder." Then he said somewhat excitedly, "Mind, sister, do not touch it; remember Adam and Eve! ask God for it." Next he spoke of sweet singing, adding, "Listen, oh, listen, I hear the echo." In the beginning of his talk he said something about not having clothes fine enough to wear to heaven; but after the veil was lifted, which heretofore obscured his earthly vision, he said, "I see now I did not need any clothes to come here; they all have something about them that flows back, and Jesus is going to give me one too." Then he talked to his Saviour of the faithful old colored woman who nursed him after his mother's death, saying, "Jesus, there is an old black woman down yonder, we all call her mammy; she is fat and clumsy. Please give her big wings that she may come here, too." The old woman was near and heard this touching appeal in her behalf; she began to sob aloud, which attracted his attention. He called her, saying, "Mammy, are you happy? You ought to be, for Jesus is going to give you big wings." He heard his sister weeping in the room and gently reproved her, saying, "Mattie, what are you crying about? Because I am going to heaven? You ought to be glad, for there is no more sickness there." See Rev. 21:4.

In this strain he continued talking for hours. His ideas and manner of expressing them rose so far beyond one of his age, that those standing around his bed expressed astonishment to hear such words of wisdom and power; they said he seemed to have changed from a child to a full grown man, and was deliberately leaving his last exhortation to those around him. But God had come down and taken this child as his mouth-piece to show forth his own goodness and power. He gave him utterance and relieved the suffering of this horrible disease. He poured joy and gladness into little Corrie's heart, and demonstrated his presence in a most unspeakable manner. He was entirely rational to the last, and spoke clearly and distinctly until late in the afternoon, when his voice began to grow weak and low; his lips and tongue appeared seared as with a hot iron—but occasionally he would say, "How happy! how happy!" Then turning his eyes heavenward again he said, "Please, Jesus, let me die comfortable." Amen, was the response of many, and *that* prayer was granted. He had no more paroxysms after his attention was fixed on heavenly things, nor was he even restless and nervous as before. His supernatural appearance and expression of countenance caused many to feel that the corruptible had put on incorruption, and the mortal had put on immortality. All felt that the veil which hangs between us and the invisible world was but the thinest gauze; that Jesus was by the dying child, and through him was speaking to the living in words

more precious than gold, which would be tableted upon the memory of those who heard him, and well calculated to afford comfort and consolation to the Christian pilgrim in the dark hours of gloom and despondency. No sermon could be more impressive; no reminiscences more pleasing, or hallowed with more satisfying influences than little Corrie Waskom's last day upon earth. As an infant on its mother's breast, he gradually sank into sweet repose in his Saviour's arms. The last words he uttered were, "So happy." He breathed his last the 10th of August, about 10 o'clock, p. m., so gently that we were made to exclaim—*Is this death!* Thus died the Christian child; the child of Christian parents. Thus has Christianity ever shown its triumphs over death from the time of its first martyr on the cross at Calvary; and thus will it continue to bear its subjects triumphantly through all impending dangers, until the last human creature on earth who loves Jesus will be safely landed in the mansions above.

BETTIE E. WARREN.

THE BOX FROM ST. MARK'S

BY MABEL N. THURSTON.

The ladies of St. Mark's Church were gathered in the chapel one October day, packing their annual missionary box. From the stained glass windows the lights fell across the pretty, energetic groups, made warm spots of color in the piles of bundles on the floor, and touched softly the hard outlines of the box itself. Merrily chatted the ladies. Some were amused at many of the contributions that had been sent in. Some were laughing at the way they packed and unpacked and repacked. Some, who had given until it meant self-denial, touched a happiness deeper than words.

They worked busily all the morning. By noon the box was packed and the janitor had nailed on the covers, and the ladies, with little sighs of satisfaction, were putting on their gloves and saying their thousand last words. They did not notice when the door was pushed timidly open, and another woman entered.

She was a pale, meagre little thing, dressed in shabby black, who felt her presence to be like a jarring note among these easy, well-to-do women. She faltered a moment; then, seeing the closed box, a sudden fear overcame her hesitation.

She touched the lady nearest her. "I—I hope I am not too late," she said, looking up with eager appeal. "I couldn't get here before, but I wanted to bring my bit."

The lady glanced at the little package held out to her, and looked embarrassed. "I'm so sorry, Miss Tremont," she said, "but the box is all nailed up. If you had only been ten minutes earlier!"

For a moment the little woman did not seem to understand. Then her hand dropped, and her eyes filled with tears, and without a word she turned away and pushed open the swinging doors.

Out in the vestibule she stopped; she could not go on the street so. She wiped her eyes on her little cotton handkerchief, but it seemed to do no good. "I ain't ever had things like other people, and I don't expect to, but I did think I could give," she said tearfully.

The door behind her opened softly, and a girl slipped through. She was the youngest of the workers that day, and felt shy and strange, but as she saw the pitiful little figure she forgot her shyness, and ran forward and put her warm, strong young hands over the litttle trembling ones.

"Don't," she cried, "don't feel so—please! The ladies are opening the box while I ran after you. I'm so glad I caught you! Let me take it back for you—unless you would rather put it in yourself."

The woman looked up with a quick, quivering breath. "It can go?" she cried. "Of course it can go," answered the girl, eagerly.

The woman gave her the little package. "It was for mother's sake," she said, humbly. "I wouldn't have cared so for myself." Then she pushed open the door and went away.

The girl walked slowly back to the chapel where the ladies were waiting. She was very silent. One of the ladies took the package, and tried to slip it in at one side of the box. As she did so, the paper tore; she looked up in amazement.

"Of all things to send a missionary!" she exclaimed. "It's a Scripture calendar—a nice one, too; it must have cost a dollar. It seems a pity people are not more sensible! A dollar would mean a good deal to a missionary, while the verses—well, he would naturally know them."

A strange expression crossed the girl's face.—"And yet," she said, "she was crying because she thought it couldn't go. She said it was for her mother's sake."

A hush came over the room. They remembered then that the little figure had not been wearing the shabby black very long.

Suddenly one of the ladies spoke. "I should never have forgiven myself if we had let her go away," she said, with a little quiver in her voice. "I feel somehow as if that meant more than anything I ever gave in my life!"

There were hard times that year. The well-to-do pastor of St. Mark's spoke of it often. The poor pastor to whom the missionary box had gone, spoke of it seldom, but as the months passed by,

every one cut deeper lines of suffering on his face. It was a terrible year. Sometimes he thought that he could not endure the privations he had to bear, and that he saw about him.

He had not been paid for months, either by his people or by the missionary board. Many a Sunday he had gone to his meeting, meaning to tell the people that he must have some money, but when he looked into their poor, pinched faces, his heart would fail him, and instead he would preach to them of trust in God, or pray for them until, in the agony of his prayer, he utterly forgot his own need.

But his need was pitiful. The long strain had been too much for his wife, and she was sick—dying, the doctor said, from want of nourishing food. The children were growing thin, with languid, unchildlike ways, and Beth—Beth, with her patient care-taking, was at the same time his greatest comfort, and almost his greatest heartache.

Many a night he had gone home from his service worn and weary with the sorrows of his people, only, upon meeting the still patience of his wife's white face, with Beth anxiously bending over her, to rush out into the night again and walk back and forth for a time under the stars.

And now he was using his last dollar, and he could get no credit. The storekeeper hated him, and wanted to drive him out of the place. The pastor had written the board that his family would starve unless money came. Day by day he had looked

for the answer, but no answer had come. His wife and Beth did not question him any more. They told each other that they must keep bright before papa; they had given up trying to when alone.

It was Monday night, and Sunday had been an unusually trying day. The minister looked at the clock and his breath came hard. It was mail time, and it seemed to him that he could not go and meet another disappointment. Then he saw the expression on Beth's face, and he went for his hat and turned up his coat collar. It was September, and the nights were cold now .

At the door he stopped. "I may be late home, Beth," he said; "don't wait supper. Mama must have her tea, and I don't want any to-night."

Beth turned her face away—she understood so well! "Yes, papa," she said in a choked voice.

The door closed and the minister went out into the darkness. A neighbor had taken the children for the day, and Beth and her mother were alone. Beth ran over to the bed, and buried her face in the pillow.

Her mother's thin hand touched her lovingly. "Don't, dear," she whispered. "It is best—it must be best, though it is so hard for us now."

Beth lifted her face desperately. "It isn't the letter, mama—I guess I don't know how to hope any more. It's—mama, I gave you the last bit of tea yesterday, and—it almost breaks my heart!"

Her mother gave a little start, but she was not thinking of herself. "Beth," she said, quickly,

"we mustn't let papa know. I can get along well enough without tea. Do be brave, dear, for his sake."

"I'll try," sobbed Beth, "but, mama, sometimes I wonder what God is thinking of!"

"Beth!" cried her mother.

The child sat still, and the expression of misery on her little pale face made it look worn and old far beyond her years. That look was to her mother the hardest thing in all their hard years. She reached out her arm and drew the child passionately to her, and her voice was full of an intensity that Beth had never heard before.

"Beth," she said, "pray—pray and I'll pray with you, and don't stop for one moment until you believe that God is good—that God is love!"

The child knelt beside her in an obedience that was frightened at first, and only the ticking of the clock broke the silence of the room. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and Beth had not spoken. Twenty-five minutes—half an hour—then at last the child looked up with the light of a great peace upon her little, worn face.

"It's all right, mama," she said, softly.

Her mother looked at her. "Beth," she said, "you are hoping for something!"

The child lifted her face, full of bright confidence. "I can't help it, mama," she answered. "I'm sure it's coming somehow; maybe not to-day, but I know it's coming."

Her mother's voice was low, but she had to ask the question. "And if it doesn't, Beth?"

The child's lips trembled a little, but she answered, steadily. "Then it's all right, too," she said.

She kissed her mother, and then went and looked out of the door; it was time for her father to come back. She felt in a keen, unchildish way what the coming back was to him. If only she had some way of making it easier! But she didn't see him, and there was nothing that she could do.

She shivered a little in the chilly air, and turning away, went to put the water on the stove. She could make her mother some gruel—that was all. Even in her new confidence that hurt her—she knew how hard it was for her mother to take the gruel.

Suddenly her glance fell on the calendar that had come in their missionary box nearly a year before. She brushed the tears from her eyes and crossed the room to read it. In their anxiety the leaves had not been torn off for three days. She read the verses softly aloud.

"I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John vi. 35.

Her voice trembled a little over that, but she went on to the next one, and as she read it grave sweetness filled her voice. She did not notice that her father was softly opening the door, his white face drawn with the pain of bringing them another

disappointment. The words sounded almost triumphantly through the little room.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isa. lxv. 24.

She tore off that sheet, too, and then stopped in bewilderment. Instead of the verse for the day, she saw a white envelope pinned across the text. She unpinned it and opened it; there was a carefully folded note inside. As she turned she saw her father standing by the door, and running over to him she thrust the note in his hand. She forgot for the moment his hopeless errand.

"What can it be?" she asked, excitedly. Her father went to the table, and lit the lamp with unsteady fingers. His sorrow-dimmed eyes could not see by the firelight like the child's, and his brain was almost numb with the pain of the long struggle. He unfolded the note and looked at it almost blindly for a moment, then suddenly he buried his face in his hands on the table. Beth picked up a paper that fluttered out of it, and her face grew white. It was a twenty-dollar bill.

In a few minutes they could read the note. It was a very brief one. The minister sat with his wife's thin hand in his while Beth knelt with her face beside her mother's, and so they read it.

"Dear, unknown friend," it ran,"I am only a plain little dressmaker, but it doesn't make any difference who I am—the money is not from me, it is from my mother. She was all I had in the world.

and I had been saving this to take her away and make her well, but God took her away and made her well first. And so I have put this money here so that you can find it on her birthday, and I pray it may bring you a bit of the blessing that my mother gave me all her life."

Beth lifted her face, full of the wonder of it. "And God had heard, and it was waiting all the time!" she said.

Then she leaned down and pressed her face against her mother's, with "Mother, darling, you shall have your tea."

That was not quite the end, perhaps it would be truer to say that that was only the beginning. One morning the pastor of St. Mark's came before his people with a letter. They had had grateful letters from missionaries before, but never one like this. As it told of their bitter need, and the help that came to them from poverty and sorrow, many a careless heart was touched.

"I do not know who she is," said the pastor, "who has done this beautiful thing, but I am glad she is among us; I believe that we have many such whom we do not know as such, and these are they who bless the world. May God speak to our hearts and teach us—each one of us—so to turn our sorrows into blessings for others."

The little dressmaker in her seat up in the gallery was sobbing behind her rusty veil, but it was from joy, not sorrow. And in her heart she prom-

ised that as long as she could work she would send twenty dollars for her mother's sake.

Behold now the church of St. Mark, which had felt the hard times, realized suddenly that it did not know what hard times were, and the gifts of its people filled not one, but three missionary boxes that year. "Go thou and do likewise." O, reader, let us take for our motto, "Live to do good." "It is more blessed to give than to receive," were the words of Jesus.

WHICH SIDE.

L. L. P.

Children, have you thought of what Jesus meant when He said, "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth?" Matt. 12:30. It means this: Jesus is trying to save the people. He wants every one to be good, to love Him and everybody. He is working to get the people saved, to lift them out of their sins, to make them good and pure, clean in their habits, honorable and noble in their lives. But Satan is laboring to make men sinners, to get them to lie, to gamble, to swear, to use tobacco and whiskey, to break the Sabbath, to fight and hate one another. So there is a war on in the world between the good and the evil, between sin and religion, between Christ and Satan. Now, every one of us is standing in with one side or the other. Each one has an influence which affects other lives. We are all of us, and each one of us, pulling with Jesus to make the world better, to save and unlift others, or with Satan to drag the world down into sin and evil. There are only two sides. We are therefore necessarily on one side or the other; there is no middle ground. Which side do you want to be enrolled with, with whom do you want your influence to count, with

Jesus or with the Devil? I am sure you will every one say, With Jesus. Am I not right? Yes, I thought so.

But now remember, "He that is not with me is against me." The only way you can be on the Lord's side is by giving Him your heart. You must turn away from sin. You must give Jesus your heart and love Him, trust in Him, pray to Him, take Him for your own dear Savior. You cannot be on the Lord's side if you are "fussy," quarrelsome, disobedient to your parents, unkind to your brothers and sisters, your school mates and other children. To be on the Lord's side means to be a real Christian.

But some one says, "The children are too young to be converted." No, indeed. Any boy or girl who is old enough to read this, or to understand it when mama or some one else reads it, is old enough to be converted. Remember this, A Christian is one who loves Jesus and hates sin. Can't you love mama and papa? Yes. Then can't you love the blessed Savior who died for us? Yes. Then you can be a Christian, and now is the time to give your heart to Jesus. He loves you and wants you to love Him. He died for you and wants you to live for Him. Will you do it? If so, when? Right now? Then Jesus will save you right now. He says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," Ecc. 12:1; and again, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," Prov. 8:17. Here He puts a special emphasis, a premium we might say, on early conversions.

Give Him your heart now, and from this hour love Him, live for Him, shine for Him, and do all the good you can in the world. May God bless you.

Now we want all who have read this to read the story of "Little Mary and the Apple," by that great preacher to children, Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

LITTLE MARY AND THE APPLE.

E. Payson Hammond.

Little Mary's father was dead. He was a good man and an earnest Christian, but Mary was like many little girls. She did not think much about the future, or giving her heart to Jesus. Her mother often said to her, "I want you to be a Christian;" and she would say, "I am as good as I canbe, why do you want me to be any better; don't I try to mind you?"

"Yes, but you must have a new heart."

"Mother, I don't see how I can be any better than I am."

"But you *must* be, or you will never see your dear father in Heaven."

"Why, mother—I say my prayers every day, night and morning, and I go to church."

"I see, my child; you are trying to make a ladder of your prayers, but you can never climb up that ladder to Heaven; you must go to Christ and get a

new heart, then you can go to Heaven."

Again and again she talked to her daughter about coming to Jesus. She knew she might die, and at any time, and if unconverted she would be lost; so one day, she talked to her again and said, "My dear child; I want you to get a new heart and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ who died on the cross for you."

"Why, mother; I know some girls in the school who are very wicked. I pray, and read the Bible. How can I be any better than I am?"

"Yes, my child, but God looks at the heart. You are a sinner in the sight of God."

"Mother, I don't like you always talkink to me about being better;" and little Mary got in quite a temper and said very naughty things to her mother.

"I will not talk to you any more about your soul, as you do not wish it," said her mother, "but I will pray for you."

A few days after this conversation, little Mary's mother said, "My dear, will you do something for me?"

"Well, tell me what it is, mother?"

"I want you to promise me you will do it."

"Yes, I will."

"Well, I want you to take a pencil and this little book and every time you do anything wrong, write it down."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mary; "Mother, that is the

easiest thing in the world. I can keep from doing anything wrong. I mean to be good and keep on pleasing you, and to keep this book will be the easiest think in the world."

"Very well; take the book, and when you do anything wrong you must write it down."

Three months passed away and one morning Mary's mother said, "What would you like for dinner to-day, dear?"

"An apple pudding, mother."

"Very well; the servant shall fetch some apples from the shop."

The servant brought them; they were all very beautiful, but small; there was only one large apple in the basket. Little Mary said, "I want that apple, mother."

"You cannot have it dear, there will not be enough for the pudding."

"Oh, but we can have a smalled pudding. I want that beautiful apple now; I must have it, mother."

Little Mary's face grew very red and she showed quite a temper.

Her mother said, "No, my child, you cannot have it."

She then pared all the apples and sliced them up and at last took up the beautiful large apple in her hand and very carefully pared it, and then drew the knife right down through it, and, lo, and behold: *the inside was all decayed,* only a little round the outer edge was perfect.

Mary at once began to cry.

"Oh, my child, don't cry; I can get another apple; there are plenty more in the market."

"That is not what I am crying for mother. *I am crying to think that I am just like that apple.* You know, three months ago you gave me that book and pencil, and told me to write down what I had done wrong. My book and my heart is full of sin. I am just like that apple. What shall I do to be saved?"

"Well, my child, my prayers are answered. I have been praying to God to show you that you are a sinner, and now I thank Him that He has done it. You must look away to Christ to see how He died on the cross for sinners, to forgive you all your sins that you have written down in that book, and to make you a Christian. He did it for me, and He will do it for you if you ask Him. You know I have often read to you about the sufferings of Christ on the cross for us. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree He will give you a new heart so that you can live without those wrong thoughts and doing those wrong things. If you start with a new book, you will not have so many wicked things to write down, and when you do commit a sin, you will go and ask God to forgive you."

Little Mary, with her face covered with tears, kneeled down and prayed to God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her and make good His promise: "A

new heart will I give you; I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh."

And from that hour Mary was a changed child.

I have written out this story for you, dear young readers, praying that you, like little Mary, may be led to see first of all that your heart is like that decayed apple, full of sin. If you, too, had written down all the wicked things you have said and done the last three months, might you not have filled a book like Mary's?

You need to come as a lost sinner to Christ, as Mary did, and ash Him to forgive your sins. He has them all written down in His book; but in I John 1:9, we read, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I wish you could see how happy the hundreds of dear children are, who have lately confessed their sins and believed in Him, "WHO His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

THE LORD DOES PROVIDE.

"Oh, yes, dearie," said the sweet old grandmother, as she held my hand, smiling benignly and raising her sightless eyes to heaven; "oh, yes, dearie, the Lord does provide. I have a life-lease of this home, to be sure, but that only provides me with food and shelter, and I do not feel like calling upon George and Elizabeth for extras.

"It is a poor little farm at best, and with the mortgage dragging it down they have to count their pennies pretty close in order to make a living and pay the interest and insurance. But somehow the Lord always provides me with pocket money to buy any little article I need. A person with less faith perhaps than I would say that the occasional little sums of money placed in my hands come from my friends. That is very true, but the Lord stirs their hearts to do so.

"Mere worldly friendships are unsubstantial and transitory, not to be depended upon. It is the genuine religion of Jesus Christ that creates and makes permanent and tender bonds between His children, that warms their hearts and prompts them to kindly acts.

"Now, last week there happened what many people would call a strange thing. I had spent my very last cent, and as I felt around in every corner

of my old leather wallet and found it entirely empty, I did feel poor and sorry and needy enough, for I was wanting some new red flannels for winter, a bottle of wash for my rheumatic shoulder, a new warm gown lined for the cold weather, and I do like to be able to buy my own tea; but I did not worry over it a single moment. I said the Lord would provide, and believed it. Then I took up my knitting work and began to count the stitches before setting the heel of a sock I was intending for Nephew George, while Niece Elizabeth, his wife, was stepping around scalding the vinegar for the cucumber pickle. Pretty soon I heard a carriage drive up; a light, brisk step quickly followed, and a ringing voice exclaimed: 'How are you, Cousin Lizzie? Where and how is Aunt Amy?'

"'For the land's sake!' cried Niece Elizabeth, joyfully, and I heard the brass kettle she held in her hand fall and go clanging down the front stone steps like a bell.

"Who can it be? I thought; for although the strange voice had a familiar—far in the past—sound, I could not recall it. I heard two or three hasty kisses, then my door was pushed open and the new comer exclaimed:

"'Well, I am thankful that there isn't a thing moved or changed in the dear old home.' Then both my poor, lame old hands were taken in a strong grasp, a whiskered face was pressed close to mine, I was kissed affectionately over and over and

there were tears, not my own, on my cheek as the tall, portly man knelt beside me and said, 'Now, can you tell me who it is, Aunt Amy? Which of those troublesome and mischievous boys of the long ago that you used to scold and pet, and prick in the right way?'"

"'It can't be Johnny White,' I said hesitatingly, and then by the old-time laugh that gushed up out of his heart just like a little ripple of clear water, I knew it was he.

"'Yes, it is Johnny White,' he replied, 'a little older, a little wiser, perhaps, but just as much of a boy as ever.'

"And, indeed, so he was. He took a boyish delight in all the old appointments of the house, which on account of my being blind, have always been kept just as they were when I was a young woman, so that I can go anywhere and find everything just as well as if I had my eyes; and I know just how everything looks.

"'I suppose this old house is a sort of curiosity in these days of improvement, and people like to come here, and they say it seems like stepping back a matter of forty years. Johnny White told me so over and over. He said it made him a boy again, that it was worth a thousand dollars to him, just coming here and finding everything so unchanged. And, if you will believe it, instead of sleeping in the best bed, in the parlor bed room, he would sleep up stairs in a cot bed he used to occupy

when he came here as a poor, homeless lad, before he ever went West at all. He said he laid awake nights out of sheer happiness to listen to the soft patter of showers, and to the mellow sound of the ripe apples falling among the grass in the orchard.

"He is a rich man and a popular man in the great western city where his home is, and better than all he is a Christian. It was good, indeed it made my heart leap, to hear him pray, and to hear him reverently thank God that he had been so prospered, and that he had been spared, so that he might tell me with his own lips how it was my warning, those words of faith and love, and reproof, that first led him to seek the Lord and to take up his cross and follow Him. That was the best of his little visit, but this is what I started to tell. When he went away he left a bank note in my lap. Just to think of it. After I got over crying and took up my handkerchief to wipe my eyes, I heard something rustle in it, and picking up the crisp little slip of paper held it up to Elizabeth, who came along just then. She took it from my hand, and hesitated to speak, as if she couldn't believe her own eyes. I had thought at first it might be a five dollar note, but now I guessed it must be a ten. Elizabeth seemed to be so surprised. Presently she said, 'Why, Aunt Amy, it's a hundred dollars. You won't get to your last penny again very soon,' and we both cried again in sympathy."

An hour later, when grandma had gone to her

room and slipped off her soft gray wrapper and put on her yellow flannel dressing sacque, and curled down on her broad lounge for a nap, her niece Elizabeth said to me, as we strolled through the old-fashioned garden, picking sweet herbs, and admiring the bright-colored snap-dragons and poppies: "I want to tell you a little more about Cousin John's last visit. He was always a good, kind-hearted, affectionate boy, but he has surprised us all by developing into such a noble, useful man. He says he is a surprise to himself sometimes, until he remembers that the true love of Christ in a man's heart will bring about unforeseen, happy results. Then he is surprised over no good fortune that comes to him, for he declares that he does nothing in and of himself, but is led by the Master. Well, he did enjoy his visit here immensely. It brightened us all up wonderfully to see him go on, for it seemed as if he did everything that he used to delight in doing when he lived here as a boy—from hunting for eggs in the barn, and taking the honey from the bee-hives, to rummaging over the pictured china and quaint glassware in the parlor cupboard, laughing at the ancient daguerreotypes on the parlor table, and turning my old wicker work-basket topsy-turvey, and leaving all the thread and yarn on the spools and balls in a tangle. 'What a nuisance I must have made of myself in those dear old days,' he would say, 'but God sent me here for a purpose.'

"You see, George and I were in great perplexity over the mortgage Aunt Amy told you about, which had been in General Allen's hands a long time. He had been very accommodating and generous, but he had died, and the heirs were threatening a foreclosure. That made George and me rather down-hearted during Cousin John's visit, but we could not help laughing with him at all his old, boyish jokes. I told George to let the rich, kind-hearted man know just how things stood, but he would not, and Cousin John drove away, saying for the last thing: 'A thousand dollars would not begin to pay me for all I have enjoyed in this visit.'

"I looked after him with tearful regret, but soon the mortgage came uppermost in my mind, and I thought how opportune it would have been had he, out of his abundance, left enough to have freed the old farm he was so fond of from the encumbrance that was wearing the very life out of us. But I remembered that Cousin John was always a careless, happy-hearted boy, and that he knew nothing of our strait. Presently I went into Aunt Amy's room, and she held out to me that hundred dollar note. I felt, as I looked at it, that I had wronged the dear boy in my heart; and going over to the window, I sat down and began to put my work-basket in order, after the stirring up that Cousin John had given it. The first thing was to put on my glasses, and crammed into the top of the cover I found a bank note. After smoothing it out and

telling Aunt Amy about it I picked up my thimble and in it found another bank note. That was only a beginning. There was a note in the knitting-sheath, in the needle-book and in all the pockets of the roomy old work-basket. As I went about my work I found bank notes in the egg-basket, in the knife-box, peeping out under the honey and plum preserve-jars, between the leaves of the old family Bible we use at our devotions, under the pillows of the cot-bed he slept in, and each one of the daguerreotype cases on the parlor table.

"But it is time to set the table for tea," said Elizabeth to me. "It is always your privilege to take down your best china on your summer visits."

So, while the good housewife spread the table with grandma's dainty, home-made linen, I brought out the china from the parlor cupboard, almost dropping the first installment when I saw the corner of a clean, new bank note peeping up between the thin, egg-shell-like old cups. We found other notes in the quaint sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher and between the lovely rose-wreathed plates. When George came in to tea Elizabeth exhibited the accumulated stock of bank notes, and upon counting them he found that their total sum was just $1,000, enough to cancel the mortgage with its accrued interest, and to afford the worthy two quite a fund of ready money besides. I could but respond with a hearty "Amen" when grandma again joyfully and fervently ejaculated, "The Lord does provide!"—*Advocate and Guardian.*

CLEAR GRIT.

Four yars ago there entered one of our Eastern colleges a clear-eyed, plainly-dressed and wholesome-looking young man with health unimpaired by dissipations of any kind. He had never smoked a cigar or cigarette in his life, and he did not know the taste of any kind of intoxicant. He had exactly one hundred and twenty dollars with which to "go through college." On the day of his arrival he paid one hundred dollars for his tuition, and more than half of the remaining twenty had to be spent for books. He had noticed in the window of a house near the college a card with "Room to Let" printed on it. He went back to this house after he had paid his tuition, and when the lady who had the rooms answered his ring he asked if there was anything he could do in or about her house that would pay for the rent of her smallest room.

"Why, yes," she said at once, attracted by the young fellow's manly bearing. "I want some one to wash windows and clean rugs once a week, and before long I shall need some one to look after my furnace."

"Would you let me do those things in return for a room in your house? I am about to enter the college as a student, and I must earn my room rent in some way. I am not above washing windows and clean-

ing rugs and taking care of a furnace, and I will do the work well." He was given a small hall bed room, and thus the question of his room rent was settled. Then he went to a large dining hall on the college grounds and said:

"I have heard that students sometimes earn their meals here by acting as waiters two or three hours a day. I would like to do work of this kind in return for my meals."

The frank and manly way in which he made this proposition pleased the man in charge of the dining-room, and he replied. "I can give you your meals in return for your services two hours a day."

Thus the determined young man's room and his meals were provided for. He cared nothing for the fact that the menial occupations he has taken upon himself would debar him from associating with the students who formed the "exclusive set" in the college. He had no time for their frivolities and no interest in them. Before the end of the first term he was earning money for new books and for his future tuition by tutoring some of the freshmen of this same "exclusive set." When the summer vacation came he went to a large seashore hotel and worked as a waiter all summer.

When the college was opened in the fall his little room was ready for him on the same terms on which he had occupied it the year before, and they were glad to have his services in the dining hall. His teachers became interested in him because of the

marks gained by hard and faithful study. He applied himself steadily to the one object of getting an education. He put aside all temptations to waste his time. He lived soberly and righteously. He began to be talked about as one of the brightest and most promising students in the college. At the end of the second year one of the college professors secured him an excellent position as teacher in a summer school. During the year he had won scholarship prize money to the amount of $250. This money, with that earned in teaching the summer school, enabled him to rent a room, and the time he had spent in working to pay room rent could now be given to study.

It is needless to say that this young man graduated with high honors. One of his teachers pointed him out to some one on commencement day and said:

"That student rings true every time. He has what I wish more of our American boys had, and that is celar grit. He came here believing rightly that poverty was no obstacle if a young fellow made up his mind to secure a college education."—Forward.